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Events of the Week.

MR. GEORGE'S "Vote of Confidence" turns out to be such a very little one that it seems barely worth while to vote for it or against it. The "Times" calls it a coupon for Genoa, the "Manchester Guardian" a "return ticket." But to what does Mr. George go, and to what will he return? The Conference has been cut down to suit the French policy of keeping Europe poor, divided, militarized, and French. As for Mr. George, the meagre and humble terms of the motion mark a long step in his humiliation. The "Whites" in the Cabinet have beaten him; and Monday's resolution represents their terms to him, not his to them. He has already given way on Russia; the "Vote of Confidence" seals his compromise, and compromises it further. If he accepts such terms, it is a sign that he cannot help himself, and that he has substituted office-holding for power. Sir Arthur Balfour, in a similar plight, made an equally unprincipled surrender; and became thenceforth the prisoner of his party.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Lloyd George has lightened his laboring ship of the last of the hopes which centred in Genoa. He has given up any immediate prospect of recognizing the Moscow Government. Nearly everything else had vanished at Cannes and Boulogne. Reparations, the revision of the treaties, and disarmament were all excluded from the agenda. And now, after Russia had been left as the one hopeful field for any advance, this, too, is clouded, if not closed, by an undertaking not to accord recognition. It seems that Mr. Churchill threatened resignation, and was supported by Mr. Chamberlain at Monday's "inner" Cabinet, which is said to have lasted till midnight; but with the support of Lord Birkenhead Mr. George secured some sort of compromise. This seems to be on the lines of Mr. Benes's proposal that Russia should be put on "probation." In other words, if she accepts all the requirements of the Allies as to the debt and the compensation due to foreigners; if, further, she meets the views of bankers and merchants in modifying her own legislative and judicial system, she will be told that, after a certain period of trial, recognition will or may follow if no one in the interval has any charges or criticisms to bring against her. No wonder the "Times" says flatly that "there is not to be any political recognition of the Bolsheviks."

THE enemies of Russia are right in treating recognition as the vital issue. After the blockade, the civil

war, the drought, and the famine (which was the consequence of all the other three), Russia is so near to total and irreparable collapse that a delay of even six or twelve months may condemn her to hopeless ruin. Failing recognition, she will still be exposed, as an outlaw from the European system, to the attacks of all and sundry. For that reason she will be unable to demobilize the Red Army, which is eating up her meagre revenues. Further, no unrecognized Government can borrow, for the good reason that its successor, should it fall, would not be liable for its debts. Therefore, all the urgent work of reconstruction, even on the railways, must await the end of the period of probation. Worst of all, it will be impossible for Russia to raise any money by loan for the relief of the Volga Valley. Without cattle or horses, it may be doomed to a second year of famine. It is a cruel but true thing to say that the members of the Cabinet who have refused to abate their hostility to Russia, even in the matter of famine relief, or to make any exception for loans required for this purpose only, will be responsible for the deaths of thousands of peasants.

WE do not know whether Russia will think it worth while to enter upon any bargain whatever on these terms. Probably not. Is there any likelihood that Messrs. Chamberlain, Churchill, and Poincaré would surrender their right of veto, even after the period of probation were past? Some kind of accusation on some kind of evidence can always be vamped up to justify the extension of the period of trial. But this is not the only ill omen for Genoa. M. Barthou (and not M. Loucheur, as was expected) is to be the chief French delegate. He led the revolt against M. Briand inside the Cabinet during the Council of Cannes, distinguished himself a year or two earlier by a speech in the Chamber so hostile to our country that a sort of apology was arranged, and was regarded, even before the war, as one of the most reactionary of the leading Republican politicians. Meanwhile, we note the figures supplied by Mr. Harmsworth to account for the expenditure of £1,300,000 in relief to the refugees of the Denikin and Wrangel armies. In the Egyptian camp a man got £1 1s. 7d. a week, his wife the same, and each child 14s. 3½d. The British unemployed receive 15s. weekly for a man, 5s. for his wife, and 1s. for each child. The contrast is startling, but even more damning is the Government's readiness to give on this scale to "White" officers, while it refuses all aid (beyond unsaleable stores) to the Volga peasants, who need only 15s. for the five months to harvest.

IT is clear this week that the latest demands of the Reparations Commission may lead once more to a very serious crisis in the relations of the Allies with Germany. In part they are materially incapable of fulfilment, while in part they involve a degradation to which the very reasonable and moderate Government of Dr. Wirth will not submit. If it should resign in despair, no more pliable Ministry is likely to succeed it. Dr. Wirth's declaration in the Reichstag on Tuesday is not the formal official reply. It was correct in tone, though firm in argument, and it was qualified by every sort of undertaking to examine further, to probe doubtful meanings, and to negotiate. But Dr. Wirth said plainly that the £36,000,000 in gold required this year cannot be paid,

and indeed that nothing more in gold can be paid at present. With the mark clattering down to 1,400 and going lower every day, this seems self-evident. A longish moratorium for cash payments (if they ought ever to be required, which we doubt) is manifestly necessary. Nor could Dr. Wirth imagine how, after the recent enormous increase in taxation, it could be possible to invent further taxes which would yield £40,000,000 this year. It must be remembered that already in the Budget of this year two-thirds of the expenditure is for expenses on account of the Allies.

As for the control over German finance which the Reparations Commission now demands, he replied simply but decidedly that it is incompatible with national honor. Moreover, he pointed out that any further expenses for Control Commissions would only lead more promptly to bankruptcy. Two generals of one of these Commissions already cost as much in salaries as the whole bench of Ministers, including the Chancellor and the President. To the demand for measures to prevent the export of capital and to mobilize German credit abroad, he professed himself only too willing to agree, but he lacked the legal means. Nor can the problem be solved by an international loan, while foreign bankers are unwilling to risk their capital in the bottomless pit of German finance. We see ourselves no reason to dissent from this speech, which is the utterance of a man who has risked everything in domestic politics in order to comply with the Entente's demands, wherever compliance was possible. The fall of the mark on foreign exchanges since the Note was published shows that foreign bankers agree with him.

As to Germany's capacity to tax herself further, we note the comparative figures given in the Reichstag for January last, according to the then exchange. In direct taxes a German with an income of 20,000 or 50,000 marks paid at the rate of 6 or 8 per cent. A Frenchman or Englishman with the same income paid nothing. At 100,000 marks the rates were: Germany 12.5, France 2.75, England 4.5 per cent. At 500,000 marks the rates were: Germany 32.1, France 9.8, England 20.4 per cent. This was for earned incomes. For unearned incomes the German rates were relatively much higher, e.g., on an income of 500,000 marks, Germany 70, France 14, England 23 per cent. Yet this was before the new and still heavier taxation of this year, and even with this the Reparations Commission is dissatisfied.

THE proposals of the Allied Foreign Ministers in Paris for a Turkish settlement involve a wide departure from Lord Curzon's standpoint, though they are far from giving all that France demanded. The whole of Asia Minor is restored to Turkey, though Smyrna town is to be under a "special régime," yet under Turkish sovereignty. Constantinople is also to be restored unconditionally, and with it the eastern half of Eastern Thrace. Greece is to retain the western half, including the Gallipoli peninsula and Adrianople, which latter will, however, be under a "special régime." An Allied garrison is to be established in Gallipoli, which suffices for the military control of the Straits. The shores of both Straits are to be "demilitarized." Turkey is allowed a much larger army than in the Sèvres Treaty, and the odious provisions for financial control disappear. An ironical passage talks of a "national home" for the Armenians, which is, apparently, to be in Cilicia. But as the charge of creating it is left to the League of Nations, which has no means of coercing Turkey, we fear we must take this as a repetition of the cruel and cynical joke in which Christian diplomacy invariably indulges over Armenia.

It remains to be seen whether either side will accept this compromise. Greece accepts "in principle," but with some unknown reservations over the requirement that she shall evacuate Asia Minor under Allied supervision within three months. Turkey, restored to a kind of a sort of an Empire by a "Liberal" Prime Minister, keeps her counsel, but is expected to haggle. She has everything to gain by getting the Greeks out of Smyrna so easily. On the other hand, she will relinquish Adrianople with difficulty. On the whole, however, Turkish nationalism has reason to be satisfied. The Kemalists care very little about the Caliphate; indeed they do not want to increase the Sultan's prestige. The Indian Moslems, whose view is "clerical," and mainly concerned with the holy cities of Arabia, will be far from content. But frankly, we do not see how this old-world clericalism could have been satisfied. Bulgarian rights have, as usual, been ignored. Part of North-Eastern Thrace (Kirk-Kilissé) is, or before recent events was, mainly Bulgarian. Nor has anything been done to grant the promised access to Ægean waters. It is all very well to blame King Ferdinand for the heavy injustices to Bulgaria, but he has vanished. If to back Germany was an unpardonable sin, why punish Bulgars and forgive Turks? The reason is, of course, that France hopes to succeed to the German heritage in Turkey. She dares not be kind or even just to the Bulgars for fear of annoying the more numerous Serbs.

IRISH affairs have again taken a turn for the worse. The only hope is that the desperate character of the situation may bring her wilder politicians to something like reason. There were the usual casualties at the weekend, six people being killed, one a woman. Last Saturday the world heard of a crime that is perhaps the worst of all those that have made Belfast so notorious. A Roman Catholic was murdered in his house with three of his sons, his other two sons barely escaping. The military have discovered a large number of bombs on a loyalist's premises in Newtownards. And yet Sir James Craig still talks as if his only business as Minister of the Six Counties was to put down the I.R.A. The British Government last Saturday invited the Ministers of the Provisional Government and Sir James Craig to come to London for a conference. Mr. Collins and Mr. Griffith accepted at once: Sir James Craig after some hesitation. Before leaving Belfast Sir James Craig declared that he was quite satisfied with the refusal of the Orange workers in the shipyards to re-admit the expelled Catholics until employment improved. He said that the ex-service men had a prior claim. But what ex-service men? There are nearly a thousand of them among the expelled workers. It is clear that unless and until the two Governments can come to some accord this raging anarchy will continue.

OUTSIDE the Six Counties the faction-mongers are busy. The raid on the "Freeman" shows that the Black-and-Tans have corroded the extremist mind, and that its notion of an Irish Republic is that of a Balkan blood-feud. Last Sunday the forbidden army convention was held in Dublin, and some 200 delegates left the I.R.A. and formed themselves into a rebel army. The promoters of the meeting issued a report to the effect that the delegates represented 49 brigades, but the term *represent* in this connection may mean much or little. The convention repudiated Dáil Éireann, set up its own executive, and usurped a national authority in deciding to reimpose a boycott of the Six Counties. This is the most serious menace that has yet been offered to the Provisional Government and the freedom of Ireland.

Several meetings have been held during the last week, and at some of them revolver shots have been fired by opponents of the Free State. Mr. Collins said justly at Waterford of Mr. de Valera's supporters, that "their arguments having failed to win the people to their changing and impracticable policies, a Black-and-Tan campaign and worse is taking their place."

THE development of the engineering dispute on Tuesday now threatens the extension of the lock-out to another 600,000 men. If the employers persist, they may, as they hope, force the men into a speedy settlement. But they may just as easily rouse them to prolonged and desperate resistance. In any event the action will have disastrous results when trade revives, if not immediately. The new crisis came unexpectedly, when strong hopes of a reasonable compromise had been raised by the efforts of Mr. Henderson and his colleagues on the Mediation Committee of the Joint Labor Council. After several days of wrestling with Sir Allan Smith, the mediators secured a revised "management" memorandum. This was to be submitted to the unions as a "basis" of new negotiations. As such it was accepted unanimously by the delegate conference representing all the craftsmen and general workers in the industry. On these lines the conference appointed a negotiating committee with a mandate to hammer out a settlement.

SIR ALLAN SMITH had been asked by the mediators to agree to withhold notices to the other unions, and to withdraw the notices against the A.E.U. members, so that the negotiations might proceed in a friendly atmosphere. He replied that any request of this kind would have the careful consideration of the employers when the negotiating committee met them. In a hopeful mood, therefore, the committee asked for this withdrawal. The employers curtly declined. They were willing to keep the other union men at work, but the A.E.U. must remain out and exhaust their union funds. This was not the only obstacle to peace. The employers demanded that the "principles" of the new memorandum should be accepted without discussion, as a condition of continuing the negotiations. The delegate conference of the unions twice repeated that they were willing to take the memorandum as the "basis" of negotiation. The employers stuck to their demand, and finally declared that the other unions must be locked out as the only way of enforcing a beginning of negotiations! It is as certain as anything can be that a withdrawal of the lock-out notices against the A.E.U. would have brought a quick settlement and a better feeling in the industry than has existed for years past. Despite the hard and tricky attitude of the employers, the union conference again expressed a wish to settle, and at the time of writing Mr. Henderson is renewing his attempt at mediation.

In certain respects the engineering dispute resembles the trouble in the shipyards. The shipbuilding employers have shown the same ruthlessness. It is true that instead of cutting off 16s. 6d. of the 26s. 6d. bonus at one stroke they are taking two instalments of 10s. 6d. now and 6s. a month hence, but they still insist on a reduction of the whole 26s. 6d. in the near future. At the final conference the union leaders risked the criticism of their men by offering to recommend two reductions of 5s. each, although these would have brought wages relatively below the standard of 1914. The employers have offered not a scrap of evidence to show that the additional reduction of 6s. 6d. will help them to get new orders, for the depression is due primarily to international

causes. A request for a week's postponement of the notices while the ballot was taken met with a blunt refusal, and 300,000 men are either locked out or under notice, full of a fighting spirit which is absent from the ranks of the engineers.

THE Lord Chancellor is, we think, perfectly right in his contention that Law Lords should maintain the useful and proper convention of abstaining from aggressive political speech and action. This tradition Lord Carson happens to have repeatedly and grossly violated, and the offence he has given to the Lord Chancellor's rare and eclectic mind is a measure of what less sensitive and scrupulous people think about him. What Lord Carson says off the Bench (or Sir Charles Darling thinks on it) may not greatly trouble the philosophers; but the English Bench is on the whole an institution which has gained in esteem by its withdrawal from politics or social contention, and this repute it is beginning to lose. No man has done more harm to it than Lord Carson. Being a natural anarchist, he sees no wrong in this conduct. His more balanced countrymen have a pretty strong opinion on it.

THE Commission on Oxford and Cambridge, of which Mr. Asquith is Chairman, issued its Report on Saturday. The Commission's terms of reference gave a wide scope to its inquiry, but the conservative sympathies of the Commissioners are illustrated in the piety and affection with which they handle their task. A body less intimately associated with the traditional life of these two Universities would have had rather more to say on the application of the resources of the colleges and the relations of the colleges to the Universities. It is perhaps unfortunate that the younger generation of dons was not represented on the Commission, for at both Universities there are important reform movements of which the nation has not got the full benefit. The faults of the Report are to be traced to the preponderating respect for tradition; the omissions are serious, and it has missed the opportunity for a thorough and vigorous reconstruction of the University system.

THE government of the Universities is to be reformed by restricting the powers of Convocation and the Senate, and so limiting the scandal by which a mob of graduates, who just struggled into a pass degree, can overrule the policy of the men who are engaged in actual teaching. The proposals affecting the internal economy of the University are well conceived, but they follow the lines of recent developments, and some of them might have been pushed further. They may be described roughly as aiming at concentrating the energy of the University, and at reducing the difficulties that attach to the college system. The question that will interest the public most of all is that of making the Universities more accessible to all classes, a question with which the whole subject of cost is bound up. Oxford and Cambridge are probably the only Universities in the world where the normal student has had two rooms to himself, and the Commissioners recommend the extension of the practice that came in with the war of giving to students a single room only. They also suggest that all meals should be taken in hall, and that economies are possible both in the laundry and the kitchens. The Commissioners recommend an annual grant of £100,000, and this sum is certainly necessary. But Parliament in granting it will have also to consider the needs of other Universities and to take up the general question of education on lines suggested in an article we print elsewhere.

Politics and Affairs.

THE BOLSHEVISTS OF CAPITAL.

Is the country aware of the fact, or does it in any way appreciate its significance, that 850,000 British workmen—250,000 engineers and about 600,000 allied workers—are being turned into the streets at the bidding of Capital, and that if the threatened lock-out in the shipyards takes place about 300,000 more, making in all 1,150,000 men, must join the unemployed, whose numbers have already risen to figures unprecedented in the history of British industry? Do people also reflect: (1) that these men are not receiving or asking for high wages (an average engineer, we suppose, gets about £3 10s. a week, a sum quite within the earning power of a docker); (2) that they are not Communists, Bolsheviks, or Socialists in any sense which menaces the order or the wealth of a Capitalist State; (3) that thousands of them have fought in the war, and (according to its statesmen and conductors) have thus saved England from ruin; and (4) that these men's only request is for a reasonable measure of consultation in matters concerning the remuneration and the conditions of their daily toil?

These happen to be the facts. But we will add a reflection on them. Since the war came to an end has any occasion arisen, even in the lurid imagination of Sir Basil Thomson, more harmful to the stability of England than this compulsory exile from the business of bread-winning of over a million men, craving nothing more than the most elementary human rights? There was the faint, very faint, move to Communism. Some of the Communists, a feeble band, have been dealt with as seditious persons, engaged in disturbing or threatening the peace of his Majesty's subjects. Did any act or intention of these men, multiplied tenfold, threaten a thousandth part of the disturbance which this social plot of the Employers' Federation has already brought into being? Here is a deed which awakens the sense of injustice, cruelty, and unmerited suffering in the entire body of British workmen and workwomen. All that is for the future. It is also an accomplished, or a soon to be accomplished, fact, whose account in physical want and wisery, no less than in moral indignation and unrest, begins from the hour of its birth. Has none of its authors done anything to make him amenable to the law? And if not, what is the foundation of justice in England?

Years ago a great writer made a London magistrate address his hero in a vein of ironical comment on our current moralities. When, we wonder, will an English judge be empowered to address an Employers' Federation in some such terms as these?

"You have been found guilty on clear evidence of disturbing the minds of John Smith and his family, and of a million other Englishmen; of stealing their allotted share of health and personal property; and otherwise comporting yourselves so as to be a danger to the State. You are adjudged unfit to manage the businesses which you describe as your own, and are hereby deprived of them. Criminal proceedings will be stayed against you on payment of a fine of a million to the Exchequer, a pound for each worker. You are, further, deported to Russia, and placed at the disposal of a Government whose ideas of Liberty are practically identical with your own. You can then settle with Lenin the Second the slight difference he has with you on the subject of Property."

No judge we can figure in this country is able or willing to speak to an Employers' Federation in these

absurdly inadequate terms. But as they happen to be a mild version of what some twenty million workpeople think, we suggest them as a matter of reflection for the Government of this country.

A GUNPOWDER PLOT.

WE have often wondered why it was that the Gunpowder Plot made such a profound impression upon the memory of this nation. We are not a people much given to the habit of reminiscence, but we suppose this treasonable attempt ranks with the landing of Cæsar, the Norman Conquest, the Armada, the execution of King Charles, and Waterloo, among the few events of which every Englishman is actively aware. The scene, as we have always imagined it, came to our minds as we read last week's debate on the Air Service. But this time it was not a romantic if misguided Catholic gentleman who was placing his barrels of explosive—the best available in those simple days—it was the House itself. Here were six hundred Christian gentlemen, of every possible variety of orthodoxy and heterodoxy, busily preparing their barrels of gunpowder under the fabric of civilization itself. "That Mr. Speaker do now leave the Chair," was the conventional motion. "How best to blow up civilization" would have made a more accurate and indicative title for the cover of Hansard.

It was a remarkably interesting debate, and if one can for the moment assume the Guy Faux state of mind, then bombing is a problem like another. It can be done well or ill, and if you give your mind to it the technical details are fascinating. The broad fact which emerged from the debate was that this country was very far behind its neighbors in the organization of destruction from the air. Captain Guest pleaded guilty to no more than 31½ squadrons of aeroplanes as the total equipment of the Empire, and of these only twelve are available for home defence. France, on the other hand, which from time to time cleverly distracts our attention by talking of what Germany may one day do, had as many as 126 squadrons at the end of last year, and will shortly have 220 squadrons, of which 170 are for home "defence." The discovery that France contemplates a large programme of submarine building enlivened the Washington Conference. But these aeroplanes are a still more serious matter. In our own inimitable way we have been developing the aeroplane since the war chiefly as a weapon against savages and semi-civilized men. It has hunted Mad Mullahs and subdued the Bedouin of Iraq. These achievements Captain Guest was pleased to describe as "romantic." We can well believe that the two young super-men who set out from Aden in a couple of 'planes, flew across the Red Sea, subdued the Somalis between sunrise and sunset, and brought in a booty of cattle such as the Chosen People seldom collected from Philistines or Amalekites, must have felt themselves heroes of romance. Even medieval Paladins usually had a following of sorts. But these two flying men did in a day what would have cost a few years ago the toilsome labor of hundreds or thousands over a period of weeks or months. Whether the operation seemed equally romantic to the tribesmen who saw their villages set on fire by a bolt from heaven, and their women and children made into scattered *débris*, one takes leave to doubt. But in blood sports the amusement is seldom mutual. Some day we suppose these tribes in their turn will learn the technique of this game, and the borderlands of Empire will be inhabited by Troglodytes who will baffle their rulers by retiring underground. Meanwhile, the advantage is heavily with our side.

But this game will not always be played against savages. Other peoples also have aeroplanes, and many more at that than our own. Those who have read the capable articles by General Groves in the "Times" are aware of the several devices which have lately been perfected for dealing with ships from the air. One plan is for a squadron, flying high and out of reach, to drop smoke bombs round the doomed fleet. Other squadrons, flying very low, then dash through the smoke screen and launch their aerial torpedoes against the almost helpless ships. A still better plan, we gather, is to drop a powerful depth-charge bomb into the water, and if it falls within 200 or 300 yards of the ship, the biggest super-Dreadnought will be wrecked. This method is much more fatal than a direct hit on the ship's deck, and very much easier to accomplish. We gather that the methods of sighting have greatly advanced in recent years, and up-to-date practitioners of these arts look back on the performances of the Germans over London, competent though they were for those days, as amateur and pioneering efforts. Your modern aerial bomb is now about four times as deadly as the biggest naval shell, and we are told to expect visitations, not of thirty 'planes at a time, but of three hundred or many more. No one rose up in the debate with the heart to deliver an authoritative contradiction to the experts who declared that warships are obsolescent, and will be useless in ten years or less. No one dissented audibly when it was argued that the Air Service ought now to be our first line of defence.

What is the moral of it all? If we were to go on in the Guy Faux vein, we hardly know what answer to make to the clear-headed persons who develop all the consequences of these premises. It looks as though we too should require our 220 squadrons, or even more. It seems that it might pay to scrap even more of the Fleet than was doomed at Washington. Our passing suspicions are solidly confirmed. We noted then the strange calm of the experts as they watched our Fleet and our supremacy vanishing. We also noted that aircraft and submarines came out of the Conference unlimited. One begins to realize dimly what the next war will be like, and, if we are to prepare for it, it is obvious that we must either have a much greater military air service or else that we must encourage civilian aviation as a reserve, in which also we are far behind several peoples of the Continent. Even that resource is not satisfactory, for an air force strikes quickly, and our capital might be destroyed, our Government buildings shattered, and our streets choked with poison gas, before the reserve had received its mobilization notice, or the Grand Fleet had got up steam.

Nor is it obvious that either the reservists or the Fleet, even if they were ready in good time, could do much for the defence of London. It sounds as though the dropping of a very few of these new bombs on either side of Whitehall might be a knock-out blow at the very opening of the campaign. And if you do get ready, what is the consolation? Only, as Lord Hugh Cecil told us, that after London had been totally destroyed, our own aeroplanes might destroy Paris or Berlin in their turn. We agree with him that that prospect would not induce us to sleep easier in our beds. Nor are we sure that regular war is the only probable aspect of this nightmare. Civil war is also a possibility, or a dictatorship resting on an air force. Lord Hugh gave an entertaining picture of the minds of these young airmen, whom he learned to know during the war. They are rampant individualists. They develop an exaggerated self-confidence. They are difficult to discipline. They look down on people who do not fly, even if they are soldiers or sailors, generals or admirals, as "ignorant persons of

the lower classes." From that state of mind, in an epoch of war and social disturbance, there might evolve a new governing caste.

Well, are we going to embark in earnest on this competition? There is no half-course. If you go in for it at all, you cannot afford to be less than supreme in the air. And even then you are not secure: you are merely formidable. The plain fact is now that "any great nation can destroy civilization if it pleases, if it really gives its mind to it." If any of us begins, the end of it all will be the relapse of all of us into a stage of barbarian development. Lord Hugh Cecil reminded us that if you cannot be formidable the safer course is to be insignificant. "No one proposes to bomb Berne or Geneva, or even the Hague." Very true. But Berne does not govern India, nor does Geneva own Algeria. No one will dream of bombing London for the pleasure of choking the doorkeepers in Whitehall. The point in bombing London would be that the Power who could do it successfully might thereafter claim a "mandate" to carry out on its own, of course disinterested, lines the government of India, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and half Africa. When Lord Hugh told us that the only way of escape is to "fall back on some diplomatic quasi-federal organization like the League of Nations to solve the problem," he said a good part of the truth. But it will have to be a real European League, or rather a world-confederation. The *idea* of the League is the only possible foundation for a Europe which calls itself civilized. But a League which can only allot the mandates to the victors and disarm the vanquished, cannot in itself deliver us from future appeals to force. The world is still built on the basis that force wins what materialism covets: and France in particular is deliberately and openly re-organized in that spirit. While that is so, arbitral courts are worth little more than prohibitions of poison gas or of submarine piracy. If we would be as safe as Geneva and Berne, we must abandon, and bring others to abandon, the age-long practice of ruling over other peoples for our supposed national advantage. To that end we are undoubtedly advancing. But we must go on. The new British "Empire," if by that word we mean the federation which includes the new Ireland and the old Dominions, will never beckon a flight of raiding 'planes over Whitehall. But until we eliminate from our rule over black and dusky races every element of economic and strategic advantage, we shall never be as safe as Switzerland. Greed and envy are the mental forces which are piling up explosives under the fabric of civilization. Imperialism is the world-wide Gunpowder Plot.

FROM SCHOOL TO UNIVERSITY.

THE Report of the Universities Commission, which was issued on Saturday, will not strike the imagination as the Report of another Universities Commission struck the imagination of our grandfathers. It is neither ambitious nor original in its outlook. On some topics, indeed, it carries conservatism to the verge of timidity. It touches too lightly the relations of the colleges to the Universities; and we cannot believe that full justice can be done to the resources and the needs of the Universities until these relations have been effectively revised. The government of the University again needs more reform than the Commissioners suggest. There is not much to be said for the weak compromise they offer on the women's question at Cambridge. On these questions the Report is a disappointing document. On the other hand, any forward-looking Englishman will welcome the clearness

and decision with which it lays down the leading purposes that the University should fulfil, and the necessity of adapting its institutions and arrangements to their prosecution. In this respect the Commissioners are in a different position from the Commissioners of 1852. The Commissioners of that date had to extinguish a number of sinecures and abuses. Oxford and Cambridge to-day have no shameful scandals of this kind to conceal. The Commissioners have thus a harder task in one sense than their predecessors, for they have to discover ways and means of securing something like adequate payment for the work of teaching and research, and though the funds at the disposal of the Universities and colleges may not always be used as wisely as they might be, they are certainly no longer wasted on the pleasures of idle and undeserving pensioners. If the Universities are to become, as the Commissioners put it, "centres of research and of graduate study for the whole Empire and for American and foreign guests," nothing is more urgently necessary than to provide proper salaries and pensions for University teachers, adequate maintenance of the University libraries and museums, and the endowment of research and advanced teaching. In short, these Commissioners reach a conclusion which must seem as reasonable to all who care about education as it would seem distressing to Sir Eric Geddes and his colleagues—that what the Universities need is more teachers and better-paid teachers.

This need cannot be satisfied without help from public funds, and the Commissioners recommend an annual grant of £100,000 to each of the Universities; the grant to be made in each case to the University and not to the colleges. Nobody, we think, will quarrel with this proposal. But it raises in a direct manner the whole question of the relation of the Universities to the nation, and any discussion of that question must bring within its scope the subject of secondary education as well. Oxford and Cambridge were originally Universities for poor men; at one time the Fellows of Queen's were not allowed to keep dogs because they ate the food that students needed. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries their character was transformed, and the aristocracy treated them as it had treated Parliament, the Church, the boroughs, and the village common. Then came the reforms of the middle of the last century, followed by the throwing open of scholarships, and other methods for admitting poor men. These methods have not been in any sense a total failure, for a large proportion of college scholarships are held by boys who could not have proceeded to the University without such help. But nobody can say that Oxford and Cambridge are anything like as accessible to the poorer classes as they should be made if they are to be regarded as national Universities, or as institutions where higher education is the primary purpose. The Commission has a good word to say for the efforts that have been made to cheapen University life by arranging for all meals to be taken in hall, and for giving students one instead of two rooms. These reforms help, but they will not carry us far if University charges have to be raised. In regard to scholarships, the Commissioners make a sensible proposal that all scholars should receive free rooms, but only those who need financial help should receive it, and they urge the importance of increasing local and State scholarships.

This brings up the whole question of secondary education, and we should like to call attention to the powerful case stated by Mr. Tawney ("Secondary Educa-

tion for All," Allen & Unwin) for a bold and imaginative treatment of this problem. In this book Mr. Tawney submits a policy that both the Liberal and Labor Parties might well make their own. He argues that the collapse of the Fisher régime gives us an opportunity of substituting something better for the makeshift Continuation Schools that nobody seems to want. Let us get rid of the confusing division of education into elementary and secondary, with continuation education as a kind of perversion, and recognize that primary education should end at twelve, and secondary education at sixteen or eighteen, and that what distinguishes one kind of education from another is not that one suits one class, and the other another class, but that one suits one age and the other another age. Let us, that is to say, abolish the degrading theory of the Act of 1870, which treated elementary education not as "one stage in a course," but as "a special and self-sufficient kind of education, designed for a particular section of the community."

This old tradition is breaking down in fact before the demand for secondary education that has sprung up among the working classes in the last twenty years. By the reform of 1907 all secondary schools that receive State grants have to offer a certain proportion of free places to children from public elementary schools, and there were in 1919-1920 rather more than 80,000 free children in the grant-aided secondary schools of England; these children forming rather more than a quarter of the total number of children in these schools. But these free places are not nearly enough. This figure means, as Mr. Tawney shows, that an English child in a primary school has three chances in a hundred of getting a free secondary education. Can anybody seriously pretend that this is the proportion of children who are "capable of profiting" by secondary education? Would any professional man think that that ratio was true of his children or of the children of his friends? The only real solution is free secondary education.

Why should anybody be afraid of it? It is the rule in America. When the reform of 1907 was introduced here, Mr. McKenna said he hoped to see secondary education free. It is bad policy to tinker at elementary schools to-day, secondary schools to-morrow, University education next week. What we have to do is to lay down a comprehensive and consecutive scheme of education on the assumption that the normal Englishman and normal Englishwoman are in future to be educated men and women. We have to take education seriously at all stages of life. We cannot as a nation make full use of the Universities until we make full use of secondary education. We cannot make our secondary education satisfactory and adequate until we reform our primary education, making it primary in the true sense of the word.

All this cannot be done at one blow. We have neither the teachers nor the accommodation. But we could make a beginning at once. Mr. Tawney proposes that we should budget for the abolition of fees at grant-aided secondary schools, the provision of school places on the scale of 20 per 1,000 of population, and provision of maintenance grants for 30 per cent. of such children. He estimates that the additional cost of such reforms would be between £8,000,000 and £9,000,000, or less than the cost of one battleship. At present we waste money, energy, enthusiasm, and originality over our whole educational system just because that system is haphazard, ill-related, directed to no single guiding purpose. We may say of our sweated and disorganized education what Sir Daniel Hall said of the sweated wages of agricultural labor. When the farmers before the war said they could not afford to pay the men,

Sir Daniel Hall said that agriculture could not afford to pay so poor a wage as 15s., and that wages would have to rise considerably before the farmer could afford them.

Well, we cannot afford the sort of education we are giving. The right reform is not to starve our education still more, but to improve it until it can yield the results that we seek. What we want is a reformer who will handle education as Cardwell handled the Army, or Fisher the Navy, or Gladstone the Civil Service; who will get rid of the superstitions and dead prejudices of the past; who will put an end to the system under which the man who teaches one social class is educated at Oxford, and the man who teaches another social class is educated in a narrowly specialized training college; who will see that the nation reaps the full advantages of its Universities because it reaps the full advantages of its secondary schools, and that it reaps the full advantages of its

secondary schools because it reaps the full advantages of its Universities. Mr. Tawney says that it is vital to Labor that education should be put on this definite and democratic footing. That is true, but it is equally true that this is vital to the nation. Seventy years ago it was thought that our chief need was to raise up a succession of men to govern India, lead the Army and Navy, and direct politics and administration, while the mass of the nation contributed to our life its patient industry and obedience. But that kind of British Empire has almost passed away; and the modern world does not arrange itself on this convenient plan. It depends for its success, and may one day depend for its life, on the resources of educated intelligence it can provide in politics, in industry, in every department of effort and design. No nation can discover or develop these resources until it makes its educational system "an organic unity, alive in every part."

THE RISE OF THE LITTLE ENTENTE

By DOROTHY THOMPSON.

I.

ONE of the most interesting political developments in Europe just now is the rise of the Little Entente, under the leadership of the Czecho-Slovak Prime Minister, Mr. Benes, into something resembling a Great Power. Mr. Benes reminds one in several ways of Cavour, that Prime Minister of the little State of Piedmont whose activities in the middle of the nineteenth century paved the way for the rise of modern united Italy. Like Cavour, Benes is practical and positive, gifted with great discernment and imagination, and with the knowledge of personalities and forces, the tact and resourcefulness, which distinguish the first-rate diplomat. Cavour, while Minister of a little State of only five million people, was the most dynamic personality in Europe, and Mr. Benes, who represents a new-born nation, whose very name we are hardly yet accustomed to, stands, with Lloyd George and Lenin, head and shoulders above the ranks of contemporary European statesmen.

Like Cavour, Benes has sought consolidation and federation at home, at the same time working to obtain a Great Power as an ally. Mr. Benes was the leading spirit behind the movement to unite Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and Roumania in the Little Entente, as a defensive alliance against the irredentism of neighboring Powers. At the same time he sounded the sympathies of England and France, and even leaned a bit toward Germany at times. Now, with the Genoa Conference in sight, he no doubt feels the need more definitely, if even temporarily, to choose his big ally. Such appears to have been a purpose of his recent visits to England and France.

The Little Entente has not been wholly in sympathy with any one of the Great Powers. Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, being Slav nations, have had a natural sympathy toward Russia, and have therefore inclined toward the British Russian policy. Czecho-Slovakia, at least, has felt the bad economic effects of the French punitive policy toward Germany and Russia. On the other hand, M. Poincaré and Mr. Benes meet with the greatest sympathy upon the ground of the inviolability of the treaties, because, whereas France believes that her national safety depends upon the enforcement of Versailles, Czecho-Slovakia owes her very existence to

St. Germain and Trianon, and depends for her entity upon their enforcement. Mr. Benes has wits to see that the revision of one treaty may lead to the reconsideration of all of them. Better economic distress than possible dismemberment!

The specific results of Mr. Benes's recent visit to Paris are not accurately known. Prague newspapers reported during the last days of February that Mr. Benes had made a military pact with France. This report was received here with the greatest dismay; it was immediately denied officially by the Quai d'Orsay. Mr. Benes explains his mission as that of mediator between the English and French policies. Nevertheless, there is no doubt in anyone's mind, in this part of the world, that Mr. Benes has now definitely thrown in his lot with France, and that the Little Entente will support the French platform at Genoa; that Mr. Benes has modified his Russian platform; that he intends to support France against Germany, and that he expects, in return, the unwavering support of France for the Little Entente policy in Central South-East Europe.

Mr. Benes's programme has been: To win a Great Power as an ally; to weld together the non-Russian Slavs; to make Czecho-Slovakia the dominating Power in a federation of Balkan and East European States.

Temporarily, at least, he is making headway in all directions. While Mr. Benes was in Paris, in February, the representatives of the Czech, Jugo-Slav, and Roumanian Governments met the representative of Poland at Bucharest, and agreed to go into the Conference at Genoa as a *bloc* and demand an equal status with the Great Powers. This was the first indication of an alliance between Poland and the Little Entente, although economic *rapprochements* have been going on for some time, particularly between Poland and Roumania. A few days later it was announced in the Vienna Press that Poland was definitely joining the Little Entente, which was henceforward to be called "The Quadruple Alliance." The very phrase was used later by the Jugo-Slav Foreign Minister in an interview given to an Italian journalist. The announcement drew forth an official denial from the Polish Foreign Minister, who neverthe-

less affirmed that Poland had really made a *bloc* with the Little Entente as far as Genoa was concerned, Poland reserving independence of action for specifically Polish interests.

Early in December Austria signed a political and economic treaty with Czecho-Slovakia at Lana, which makes her a silent partner, at least, in the alliance. This treaty was, and still is, opposed by the Pan-Germans, who interpret it as a practical abrogation of the *Anschluss* movement. For the same reason it was very pleasing to France. Greece has also been brought into the circle of Little Entente influence by a military treaty concluded between that country and Roumania, as well as by a personal alliance formed by a marriage between the two Royal houses.

The Roumanian-Jugo-Slav alliance has also been strengthened by the engagement of the younger daughter of the King of Roumania to the King of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. And this strengthening of the ties between Roumania and the Little Entente is a signal defeat for Italian policy. For opposed to Mr. Benes and the Little Entente has been Italy, with her own policy for Central South-East Europe. This policy was, first, to wean Roumania away from the bad company of her Slav allies; to strengthen Hungary, and break down the animosity between that country and Roumania; and with these two fortified nations to make a wall between the northern and the southern Slavs.

Six months ago the odds seemed to be working in favor of the Italian policy. It was the Italian policy which prevented Oedenburg (West Hungary) from being handed over to Austria in conformity with the provisions of the Treaty of Trianon, and so preserved that valuable passage-way between Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia to the Magyars. Later (at the time of the Karl *Putsch*), Italy's hand might have been seen in the aloof attitude adopted by Roumania, who, while her allies mobilized against Hungary on two fronts, remained completely reticent.

Italy's policy has been plain. She never for a moment loses sight of "the Pan-Slav menace," sure to obtain, in her mind, as soon as Russia "comes back." She is practically at war with Jugo-Slavia, who grows more and more aggressive in Albania and along the Adriatic coast. The signing of the Treaty of Lana; the military agreement between Greece and Jugo-Slavia; the Conference at Bucharest, including Poland, have all been slaps in the face of the Italian policy, and unquestionably account in large measure for the Governmental crisis in Rome. The Little Entente, therefore, seems to have inherited and assumed the burdens and animosities of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, and in the first diplomatic battle with Italy, Italy has lost. With the demission of the Marquis della Torretta as Minister of Foreign Affairs, it may be taken that Italy has relinquished, for the time being, through necessity, her anti-Little Entente policy.

With the addition of Poland, Greece, and Austria as allies, the Little Entente is the strongest military Power in Europe. Jugo-Slavia alone has a hundred thousand more troops than France, if the French black troops be eliminated from the count. The Little Entente as an alliance commands more than a million and three-quarter soldiers. Siding with France, she completes the line of French influence in East Europe straight down from Poland to Macedonia. She is a powerful support for French policy—and a powerful enemy of one country, Hungary.

(To be concluded.)

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

I GLADLY publish the following friendly letter from the editor of the "Yorkshire Evening News," the journal which started the controversy on Liberal "reunion":—

"It would seem that you did not do us the honor of reading the original appeal for Liberal and National Liberal Re-Union, to which Lord Gladstone's letter in our columns was a reply. A copy of our issue containing the original appeal accompanies this letter, together with a copy of the issue containing the leading article which appeared after Lord Gladstone's reply was published. They make clear our position, and reveal, I think, the frank and generous spirit pervading the whole discussion.

"Your article may leave an impression in the minds of your readers that the 'Yorkshire Evening News' was acting in some sinister way to secure Mr. Lloyd George's acceptance as leader of a re-united Liberal Party. When you have read what we said, you will recognize how fairly we sought to give expression to a desire which is stirring in Yorkshire towards the rehabilitation of the Liberal Party.

"We pleaded not for any leader in particular, but for the unity of the Party, and acknowledged that principles, not personalities, alone could bring about this desired end. It is true that we stated that at one time informal and unofficial negotiations had, to our knowledge, been in progress, and that Mr. Asquith did not at that time consent to serve in a Liberal Cabinet with Mr. Lloyd George as Premier. This was merely a statement of fact, and is an incident in the article.

"The 'Yorkshire Evening News' is of Liberal traditions, and is as frank and independent as any journal in the land. With its very large circulation in the heart of Yorkshire, it must needs be in closest touch with Liberal thought and feeling in that important area. It is wise, I think, for Liberals in London to know what Leeds is saying, and I shall be glad to arrange for copies of the 'Yorkshire Evening News' containing the articles to which I have made reference to be sent to any of your readers who may apply to me.

"I would add that the earnest wish of the 'Yorkshire Evening News' is to see a great and powerful Liberal Party prepare itself for that evangel and crusade which alone can save Europe from a bitterness more devastating and ignominious than the bitterness of war, namely, the bitterness of an unworthy peace. If personal claims and prejudices and legacies stand in the way, let them be swept aside by nobler issues."

I AM afraid I must say in reply that my own impression of the original article in the "Yorkshire Evening News," which was clearly Lord Gladstone's, is not removed by reading it. In form, it is not a plea for the Prime Minister's leadership of a reunited Liberal Party. In substance, it is. It described the Prime Minister as Liberal in "heart, traditions, and training," pronounced his Irish and American policies and the meeting at Genoa to be "Liberalism in action," praised his attitude to Russia as "Liberal," and declared that his foreign policy appealed more to Liberals than Lord Grey's. If such a man, gifted, as the editor truly remarked, with "great and brilliant qualities," is not fit to captain the Liberal Party, who is? Therefore, I beg to repeat that the language of the "News" was an invitation to Mr. George to come over and lead us.

Now the trouble which the editor of the "News" very cleverly evades is that every one of these acts of Liberal policy is a reaction from a corresponding Tory policy. Mr. George negotiated the Irish Treaty because there was nothing else left for him to do. His Black-and-Tans had ruined the Government of England in

Ireland, and the country was in great danger of war with America. Even Mr. George's Conference is a belated attempt to end the evils and miseries which Mr. George's Treaty had brought on Europe and the world. If he had put his hand in Mr. Wilson's he might have saved them all in 1918. He cannot cure them in 1922. Precisely the same is true of Russia. "Recognition" merely aims at cancelling the blockade and the subvention of the Civil War. So with domestic policy. Mr. George is (or is he not?) a Free Trader. He was (or was he not?) a Protectionist. In fact, he is everything by turns, and nothing long enough to enable him to acquire even a name, let alone a principle. He can be defended, if at all, on the kind of plea one uses to excuse Lord North or any supple politician willing to combine with anybody and advocate anything. To-day he is the leader of a predominantly Tory Government. And the reason why the Tories seek to be rid of him is that they know that he is equally ready to form and lead a Tory Ministry or a Labor one. One point of consistency, and one alone, hangs to Mr. George's policies. He ruins them all.

Now, I put it to my excellent colleague of the "Yorkshire Evening News"—How does he figure Mr. George's readmission to Liberal leadership, let alone his rise to a captaincy of the party? Let me premise that such a choice forbids any association either with Lord Robert Cecil or the Labor Party. Neither will look at the Prime Minister for a political comrade. But the average Liberal is in no better case. From the hour when Mr. George comes back again, we must either write the following trifles off our political vocabulary, or request the distinguished Prodigal to look the other way while we deal with them:—

The Treaty of Versailles.
The Hanging of the Kaiser.
Making Germany Pay.
Black-and-Tans.
Mesopotamia.
Safeguarding of Industries Bill.

Really, this is to consign the average Liberal controversialist to a hunted life. The old classical test of sobriety, which required the suspected drunkard to walk a straight chalk line, is a trifling feat compared with the notion of toeing the tremulous zig-zag of Mr. George's oscillations.

LET me carry the controversy a point further. The Liberal Party is not only an organ of opinion. It is the depository of a public trust. Does my friend think that it is to the public good to encourage a politician to engage himself with one party, and with its help attain to great power and prestige, and then at one bound to transfer himself to the other? Or that a public man can divide himself, so that one kind of spiritual principle subsists in his mind and soul in perfect harmony with its opposite? If he does, I recommend to him the profound saying about the two masters. The fundamental quarrel with the Prime Minister is not that he scourged Ireland with his Black-and-Tans (the Liberal quarrel), or that he appeased her with his Treaty (the Conservative quarrel), but that he did both, and passed from one policy to another as a man changes the color of his necktie, or shifts the angle of his hat. Or does my friend plead that the true George has now emerged? Maybe; till the other George comes up again—at the next temptation.

IN Wednesday's "Times" Sir Basil Thomson contests my statement that "the armies that passed and

repassed" over the Volga country stripped its people to the bone. His answer is that Koltchak and Denikin never came within 250 miles of the famine area. I mentioned neither of these generals. The chief devastation in the Volga was wrought in the campaign of 1918, in which the Tchecho-Slovaks, with the aid of the Ural Cossacks and other White forces, were fighting the Reds. Their headquarters were in Samara, and they also held the greater part of the Saratov province and Kazan. Indeed, the famous proclamation of September 9th, 1918, in which their staff cited the approval of President Masaryk for their campaign and the promise of the Allies to recognize the Tchech Republic (the price of their work in Russia), was dated from Samara. They were paid 11 million roubles by the French, and £80,000 by the British Consul in Moscow.

Now take Denikin. I hesitate to say how often between 1918 and 1920 Tsaritsin, the vital strategic point on the Lower Volga, was attacked, held, or evacuated by various White forces, including Denikin's. It changed hands many times and was always gutted. Even to-day the railway leading to it from the south-west is barely serviceable for relief transport as the result of Denikin's devastations. To close the navigation of the Volga it was enough to hold this place, as Denikin did till late in 1919. Also, the "Herald" points out that the "Times" itself reported on October 31st, 1919, Denikin's dispatch announcing that "fighting was proceeding at Buzuluk," now a centre of famine. But actual devastation was the least mischief of the civil war which we subsidized. When the oil of Baku, the coal of the Donetz, the grain of the Volga, the Ukraine, the Cuban, and Siberia were cut off from the industrial centre by the ever-shifting lines of the internal blockade, industry perished and the Moscow Government suffered from a dearth of manufactured goods. It had nothing to exchange for the peasants' grain save worthless paper, and that is why the requisitions (a universal war-time measure, by no means peculiar to Russia) were resented by the peasants and led to a decline of cultivation. The famine in goods helped the drought to produce the famine in grain. But the famine in goods was caused by the blockade and the civil war. We spent £100,000,000 in causing it.

THE Plumage Act comes into force on April 1st, and the pleasure of such a date should not be confined to lovers of wild life and beauty alone. Posterity will bless the day even more than we do, for through it will be enjoyed one of Nature's loveliest and most beneficent gifts to man. There rest two further labors before this wanton trade is finally suppressed. It is time that France, Germany, and particularly Holland, whose Government officially supports the traffic in Birds of Paradise, should fall into line with our legislation. In the second place, the Committee set up by the Board of Trade under the Act must understand that any slackening of its vigilance and any use of its privileges contrary to the spirit of prohibition will be resented by the public. Up to the present (and there have been many meetings) its work, not achieved without effort, has had a happy issue. Let that be a tonic for the future.

I NOTED the other day the progress of the League of Nations in this country. I was interested, therefore, to hear from the Secretary of the League of Nations

Union that this body now counts 170,000 paying members, and that it increases at the rate of a new branch and 2,000 members a week.

HOLIDAY MOODS:—

A purely commercial age means the end of humanity, for when man thinks of nothing but his material needs, he ceases to fulfil the laws of his being and must perish.

Religion is a means of inducing men to behave themselves and treat their neighbors properly. But as they do not want to do either of these things, they turn it into a mystery or a metaphysic.

Wit is man's civilized acquirement; humor his natural heritage.

Lucullus rejoiced in villas and sumptuous baths. But he did not say to the Roman *plebs*—"Back to your one-room kennels!"

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

COUËING.

SPEAKING at South Place Institute the other day, Mr. Bertrand Russell said: "William James used to preach the 'will to believe.' For my part, I should wish to preach the 'will to doubt.'" It is a sermon that the Dean of St. Paul's has shown himself particularly apt at preaching, and so extremes meet—one of the high dignitaries of the Anglican Church proclaiming the same doctrine as the sceptical philosopher who told us in the address above mentioned that "he was himself a dissenter from all known religions, and hoped that every kind of religion would die out." It is M. Coué's method of treating mental and physical distress by "auto-suggestion" that has given Dean Inge his latest opportunity for exercising his powerful "will to doubt." For M. Coué is among us again, proclaiming the doctrine of the Nancy School that many of the evils in a man's life may be allayed by causing the imagination to act rather than the will, and so allowing the unconscious or subconscious self to follow its own sweet way. The Dean regards this doctrine as only one among the crazy revellers in that "orgy of irrationalism" which is devastating the civilized world. He tells us that as a student of the mystics he has met with this sort of thing before. "Complete detachment from all thought images," he writes, in a recent number of the "Evening Standard," "quiescence of the will, passivity of all the faculties, have been recommended by all the mystics, from Plotinus to George Fox. But they have not prayed to their subconscious selves. They have called the exercise the practice of the presence of God." And after describing what he believes to be M. Coué's method, illustrated by frequent reference to M. Baudouin's "Suggestion and Auto-suggestion" (Allen & Unwin), he sums up his scepticism in the words:—

"For my part, I will have nothing to do with this world of make-believe. It is an abomination to me. I believe that my reason was given to me that I may know things as they are, and my will that I may bring my refractory disposition into harmony with the laws of my Creator. . . . If I can help it, I will play no tricks with my soul, in the faith that, though bluff may sometimes pay very well in this world, it will cut a very poor figure in the next."

In an interview with last Sunday's "Observer," M. Coué made answer to the Dean, insisting upon such

points of agreement that they seemed really to be both on one side. We may take a few sentences in quotation from the interview:—

"Well, of course," said M. Coué, "one does use the reason given one by one's Creator. And in my system I use other faculties as well, which have been given me by my Creator. My method is to use the imagination to alleviate mental and physical illness, instead of (as is generally the case) allowing the imagination to make illness worse, or even to create it. When Dean Inge declares that he will have nothing to do with this world of make-believe, I begin to wonder whether he is a critic or a supporter of my philosophy. My system is directed precisely against make-believe. In all illness and disease there are two elements: (1) physical, (2) moral or imaginative. The latter often magnifies the former a hundred-fold, whereas if used rightly, it would diminish it. I am out to combat make-believe. Dean Inge apparently is out to defend it. . . . To Dean Inge, as to others, things are not what they are in reality, but what he thinks they are. . . . As to the passage in which Dean Inge says, 'If I can help it, I will play no tricks with my soul,' I am amazed. It is precisely because bluff does not pay in this world that there is so much disease, the result of the bluffing of people's own imagination."

We gather that, to put it briefly, we should no longer say in scorn, "Physician, heal thyself," but should say in all seriousness, "Patient, heal thyself." It is a kind of faith-healing, not by the prayer and faith of other people ("hetero-suggestion"), as is the usual method of the Christian Scientists, but by the personal imagination of the patient. It may be that in reality the action of "hetero-suggestion" is the same, since the personal imagination is set to work by the outside influence. But that way controversy lies, and we would now rather stick to undisputed facts. The power of imagination no one doubts. Everyone has seen a mother "kiss the place to make it well," whereupon the child stops crying and feels no more pain. Everyone has also seen a child's pain redoubled by unwise sympathy. In both cases it is the child's imagination that acts, whether for good or for evil, though it may be said that the suggestion comes from outside. The writer has not been a student of ancient mystics, like the Dean, but he has enjoyed the friendship of a good many living ones. He has been instructed by a Hindu Guru in Benares to attain a kind of rapture by persistently at certain hours thinking of nothing at all (like the jolly young waterman); and no doubt he might have profited but for the carnal interests which kept breaking in. He has known a distinguished Irishman who, in the midst of practical and political distractions, could reach a state of ecstasy by meditating upon a white triangle. He has watched a Roman Catholic mystic (German, he regrets to say) sitting behind the railings of a small suburban garden so rapt in the contemplation of God that he became entirely oblivious of the mockery of materialized City men hastening to catch the morning train. He likes oysters, but till he was over forty refused to touch them because his elder brother would not eat them when they were children. He has known a camel march quietly under the load till he put up an umbrella against the sun, whereupon the imaginative beast cried and groaned as though a straw had been added to break its back. He has seen the patient in the next hospital bed injected with water instead of the accustomed morphia, and with the same beneficent result. He has known a distinguished writer whose mother received a shock when with child and exclaimed, "Now my baby will be blind!" and he was born with one eye withered and the other weak. In playing deck-quits he finds that the least shadow of

doubt or deliberation "puts him off his game"; like the winners in the Virgilian boatrace, he can because he thinks he can; and if he does not think so, he cannot. He has seen brave men run away because a coward began to run, though there was no danger. He has known critics blind to the excellence of a work of art because they hated the painter or the author. He has known people fall in love from discussing its nature. Rather than take a perfectly easy step upon a mountain side, he has stood paralyzed at imagining a fall into the gulf below. He has known the effect of a judge's wig and even of a bishop's sleeves.

In all such cases the imagination has played its benign or malignant part. It has conquered the reason and the will, or has put them to sleep. It has roused from its ghostly lair the unconscious self, and allowed it to issue at large upon angel wings or with stealthy and infernal footfall. The chief obstacle to imagination's beneficent action appears to be the will. Everyone knows that it is no good "trying" to go to sleep. That was Wordsworth's mistake when for two whole nights running he remained broad awake, though he tried thinking of a flock of sheep that leisurely passed by, one after one, and the sound of rain, and murmuring bees, and smooth fields, and other inducements. The search was deliberate; the will always active. He should not have thought at all about it, or should have murmured to himself, "Now I am asleep. Now I am going to sleep," over and over again, and so released his unconscious self for its salutary task. For we are sure that Wordsworth's inner self must have been beneficent. But what if the unconscious self be malignant and evil? M. Coué appears always to assume that it is benign. "To thine own self be true," said Polonius, the most commonplace old fool in Shakespeare. Can M. Coué always agree with him? How if the true self be infernal, and the unconscious self desperately wicked? Carlyle said, "It is not the cock crawling that keeps me awake. It's waiting for the cock to crawl." Unlike Wordsworth's, his imagination was malign. Would it be of any avail in such case for the patient to put his head under the bedclothes, as M. Coué recommends, and repeat twenty times, like a murmuring bee, "I am growing, in all respects, better and better"? Is everyone capable of the Little Marchioness's make-believe, or of Mark Tapley's optimism? If a man or woman is born in sin and a child of wrath, can the deeply hidden unconscious self rise at call with seraphic healing on its wings?

These are questions for the wise. We leave them to Dean Inge and M. Coué to puzzle out. For ourselves we could only wish that, if M. Coué's theory of the unconscious self is justified, it were more frequently put in practice, and not only for the salutary effect upon this or that isolated man or woman. We should like, for instance, to make a suggestion to the delegates at Genoa: let every French delegate as he sleeps and wakes call to mind one German delegate and, murmuring like a noon-tide bee, repeat at least twenty times, "Je t'aime!" Let each German delegate, calling to mind one Frenchman, murmur twenty times, "Ich liebe dich!" Let the Greek murmur to his drowsy vision of the Turk, "Sas agapo!" Similarly let the Italian and the Jugo-Slav salute each other as they enter the realm of dream; Mr. Lloyd George salute M. Poincaré or his chief representative; and all the delegates salute a Russian apiece, while every Russian selects for special affection Mr. Churchill or his country's next greatest enemy. That would put the theory to a very practical test, and if all went as anticipated, we might raise at last the hymn of peace and goodwill among men.

Communications.

THE SHAKESPEARE THEATRE FOUND.

To the Editor of THE NATION & THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—There was a complete and—under the circumstances—astonishing victory for the Old Vic. at the recent meeting of the Shakespeare Memorial General Committee. A report refusing help was thrown back, and six staunch "Old Victorians" co-opted to the Executive to help in making a new plan on broader lines. The time has thus arrived for a constructive policy on the part of those who regard the old theatre of the Surrey side as a possible "Odéon of the future."

Despite thirteen years of confessed mismanagement, £70,000 odd still remains, which can be devoted to the developing of a scheme for a classic repertory theatre, duly in touch with popular susceptibilities, and at the same time stimulative to popular education in and through the drama. To this end attention may well be called to a proposal made by Mr. Acton Bond, of the British Empire Shakespeare Society. It was to the effect that the New Shakespeare Company, conducted by Mr. Bridges Adams, should not be merely "scrapped," but that an arrangement should be devised by which Mr. Adams could still do his work at Stratford-upon-Avon and elsewhere, sharing with Miss Lilian Baylis and Mr. Robert Atkins a London centre at the Old Vic. itself.

Leaving more detailed consideration to a later time, it may be well just now to emphasize three reasons why such an arrangement is at once desirable and hopeful. They are: (1) economy; (2) scope; (3) permanency.

(1) ECONOMY.

The extent to which economy will be promoted by an amalgamation of the two schemes can only be appreciated by those who know the difficulties attendant upon the running of a company and a theatre. In the first place, one of the reasons why the New Shakespeare Company has been so desperately and needlessly expensive is that its members are not engaged for the whole year, and have to be disbanded after a short season. With every batch there has to be new equipment and training, and salaries have to be correspondingly enlarged. Also, scenery has to be docked, costumes altered and stored, and expensive offices rented in the West End for a season which, all told, does not extend beyond seventeen weeks in the year.

The Old Vic. has troubles of a like nature on its own account. It is urgently in need of office accommodation—just the accommodation that is running to waste with the New Shakespeare Company—as well as of dressing-rooms and other behind-the-scenes necessities. It is not quite true that the London County Council has itself demanded alterations costing £30,000. To satisfy the County Council's very just requirements—for the present state of affairs is intolerable—Morley College, next door, will have to be acquired. The £30,000 would be needed to build a sufficiently dignified home elsewhere to placate the Morley College trustees. This comes to the same thing in the end, of course; but it allows time. Given working room, Morley College can afford to wait for the "trimmings." Meanwhile, the Old Vic. is directly in need of much that the New Shakespeare Company could supply. An alliance between the two enterprises would, accordingly, be an incalculable saving on both sides.

Moreover, the Old Vic. Shakespeare company does not appear every night. With the help of the resources of the New Shakespeare Company, it is quite possible that performances could be arranged in outlying halls and theatres which would bring in quite a deal more money.

(2) SCOPE.

The effect of a united and enlarged organization for the Old Vic. and the New Shakespeare Company would be beneficial also from this point of view. Up to the present, the New Shakespeare Company has "made good" only at Stratford-upon-Avon, which may be described as its "spiritual

home." There have been performances in other towns; but they have been almost uniformly disastrous. The Company has been practically unknown to the general public. It has no London imprimatur beyond some mostly adverse criticism of undoubtedly imperfect performances at the Strand Theatre. It has no popular name in its cast, no attractive title; in short, nothing to recommend it to the average provincial playgoer.

In this way, while young Shakespearian actor-managers, like Mr. Baynton and Mr. Doran, not to mention Sir Frank Benson, have a regular following in each town, and actually make money, the New Shakespeare Company has had to face, for the most part, empty benches, save for occasional schools and the remnants of such enthusiasm as has survived thirteen years of disappointment. Under the ægis of the Old Vic.—a name that is already endeared by repute to thousands of provincial people who have never been near the Waterloo Road—and with, perhaps, an admixture of some genuine Old Vic. actors whose names would be known, it would instantly appeal to Shakespearian sympathies, and start off with the goodwill that it at present so conspicuously lacks.

On the other hand, to the Old Vic. a provincial organization of a larger order than it has hitherto been able to work with would be a godsend. Up to the present, save for a season at Stratford, one in Belgium, and some comparatively rare provincial appearances, the enormous reputation that the Old Vic. has acquired is practically wasted, and the very useful experience of appearing away from home forfeited. Also, the lack of expansion has resulted in the loss, one by one, of a whole galaxy of hopeful players, who migrate naturally to the West End directly they get a chance. Under other circumstances, they might much prefer to remain under the old banner at an advancing salary.

(3) PERMANENCY.

One of the chief objections raised by older members of the Shakespeare Memorial Executive to the Old Vic. has been that there would be no guarantee of a permanent policy. This undoubtedly was in the minds of Sir Carl Meyer and the other donors of the fund—the trust-deed itself allows of almost any use of the money answering the purpose of a Shakespeare Memorial, a definition which resolves itself into anything permanent that Shakespeare would have approved. Doubts, however, can soon be set at rest. The Old Vic. itself is a trust under the Charity Commissioners. Even if Miss Lilian Baylis were to cease her labors—which God forbid!—the Old Vic. would go on. It would not necessarily continue exactly on its present lines, but a due proportion of Shakespearian performances, as well as classic opera (which Shakespeare would most certainly have desired), can easily be ensured by a stipulation that the Shakespeare Memorialists should be adequately represented among the Old Vic. governors.

It has been suggested in some quarters that the Old Vic. is not in a dignified situation, or itself a building of architectural beauty. The architectural beauty is certainly not there—though that could obviously arrive if the hearts of Shakespearian playgoers were centred permanently in this particular theatre. Its position has practically nothing against it. There are slums near, but it is central, with broad, main streets on two sides, and within a hundred yards of London's largest terminus.

The idea that there is any harm in its being south of the Thames is quite gratuitous. It occupies practically the same position in London that the Odéon does in Paris, and the comparison might well be carried further. It is, after all, upon the Surrey side that the new London County Council offices are very proudly set. Not least, the Old Vic. is almost, if not quite, the nearest existing theatre to Shakespeare's own Globe. Indeed, if anyone were searching for a theatre-site that should be near enough to Bankside to bring remembrance of Shakespeare, and at the same time be easy of access to London playgoers, the spot where the Old Vic. stands would probably be the exact place of his choice!—Yours, &c.,

SHAKESPEARIAN.

Letters to the Editor.

MR. GANDHI AND "THE NATION."

SIR,—While it is gratifying to note that at least one paper in London tries to understand the Indian problem, even the criticisms that *THE NATION* AND *THE ATHENÆUM* has been passing for the last three months on Mr. Gandhi's movement only serve to show how completely out of touch even the most liberal minds in England are with the true nature of the state of affairs in India. To take a minor instance: to blame Mr. Gandhi for preaching anti-Western economics, and yet publishing advertisements of motor cars and Diesel engines, as you do, is as wise as to find fault with the editor of *THE NATION* AND *THE ATHENÆUM* because the "*Westminster Gazette*" or the "*Daily News*" devotes columns to the wedding-dress of the Princess or to sensational murders. Mr. Gandhi edits and is personally responsible for only two papers—"Young India," in English, and "*Navajivan*," in vernacular—neither of which contains a single advertisement, much less that of foreign products.

To say that Mr. Gandhi's religion is the faith of nationalism which has devastated Europe is simply not true. Nevertheless, it is not a little amusing to speak of a man who is trying to make his nation no more than a mistress in her own house as being tainted with the aggressive nationalism of the West. One might as well say that a man trying to assert his own authority in his own house, and to have a voice in his own affairs, is guilty of bad behavior to his neighbors and intends to plunder them! One might as well blame Sinn Fein for being Jingoistic! A genuine League of Nations could only be constructed on the basis of self-determining and free units. Yet you are not wrong when you think that Non-Co-operation is not merely a movement against a system of government, but against a type of civilization. So is Sinn Fein, and it is because "*A. E.*" has revealed this inner significance of the Irish struggle that you praise him. Is India to be debarred from developing her own culture simply because she is a colored nation?

What, then, is Mr. Gandhi's religion? It is the simple one of justice and equality, preached not long ago by Christ, and forgotten by the Christian nations of to-day. Whether he has fought for the wrongs of his countrymen in South Africa, or in the Punjab, or for the removal of "untouchability" and the better treatment of laborers and farmers, that has been the impelling motive. As for his attitude to Western civilization, it may be summed up in Emerson's admirable remark that we want to separate in order to meet on a higher plane of unity. In other words, he wants us to be Indian in order to be human. That this is much more than a useless platitude can be easily realized by those who have known what it is to be ruled by people of another race. Just as the Indian people cannot forgive the injustice of the Punjab unless they have the strength out of which to forgive, so they cannot borrow from foreign nations without a national entity in which to assimilate truly. One would be the forgiveness of the coward, the other the imitation by the helpless. What there is of the West in India is, as you rightly observe, your own entire work—not the free choice and willing of India. Nationalist India objects not so much to the Western atmosphere prevalent in India as against the way in which that atmosphere has come about. Mr. Gandhi's spinning-wheel may be ridiculed as a reversion to primitive economy: yet it is, as the ablest Moderate Indian journalist has put it, a symbol of protest against the economic exploitation of India by Britain, which began with the cotton excise duties of the Company, and is still seen at work in the sale of reverse councils and the raising of a 7 per cent. sterling loan in London the other day. In a wider sense, it is an attempt to show that human life is more precious than industrial power, and that India can become happy and contented without wholesale resort to the Western type of industrialism.

You raise the familiar old cry of "Anarchy without the British." With due deference, one may point out that that is a plea raised generally by people who profit most by the existing system. The attitude of an employer who sees "Bolshevism" in every strike is an instance in point. The Anglo-Indian bureaucrat who, till now, has never been called to account by those over whom he rules, naturally thinks

his irresponsibility essential for the security of the country, and damns as anarchy any signs of independence among the people or any encroachment on his authority. Is not this easy identification of personal comfort with public good the habitual consequence of autocracy? And is it not the strongest negative argument for responsible government? In the end, may I be permitted to quote some words that appeared in your paper two years ago, in a review of one of Mr. Laski's books, as a reply to the scarecrow of anarchy?

"Anarchy is only one of the dangers, and a political system which takes account of only one danger and sets to work to achieve perfect security against that one, is disastrous. A little anarchy may be preferable to a great deal of despotism. The pursuit of complete security is a snare into which fall only the narrow-visioned. Societies, like individuals, must run risks if they are to achieve anything valuable, and the risk of anarchy is worth running for the sake of liberty."

As with a political system, so with a political movement: as with England, so with India. Better a little anarchy due to the resistance to Charles I. rather than a perpetuation of absolute monarchy. Better the Punjab troubles than a perpetual O'Dwyerism.—Yours, &c., A YOUNG INDIAN.

THE DISINTEGRATION OF SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,—Since Mr. Bracher (see THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for March 18th) seems to have read my article with the negligence which he thinks it deserved, I should like to point out that I neither asserted nor suggested that the existence of Marlowe's line—

"Inestimable drugs and precious stones"—

by itself proved that Shakespeare did not write Clarence's Dream. I set no particular store by verbal clues. But when, as in this case, they are many, and when, as in this case, the verse technique of the whole passage is unlike Shakespeare's and like Marlowe's, then, and then only, a peculiar metrical use of a peculiar word becomes a valuable piece of evidence.

Mr. Bracher appears to think that the rhythmical parallel between the two lines is, in my view, the important element. I should have been more precise. The point is the use of *inestimable*. First, it is not a Shakespearian word. The only other case of it I know is in "Troilus," where it bears a different sense. Secondly, it is used in a non-Shakespearian way as a word of five full syllables. In "Troilus" it is *inest'mable*; and that is Shakespeare's way with such a word. But without a general presumption in favor of Marlowe, such evidences are of no great weight. With such a presumption, they are, to me, pretty conclusive. It is true, in one sense, that the great merit of Signor Croce's essay is that he treats Shakespeare as a poet. He is certainly concerned with Shakespeare's *poësis*. But a *poësis* may be in prose. And so might Signor Croce's Shakespeare. For my slip in quoting the familiar lines of Marlowe I apologize.—Yours, &c.,

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

SIR,—Surely the use of the "thousand ships" (or "wrecks") tag, in "Richard III.," proves no more than that this "mighty line" had become common booty for Elizabethan prompt-book editors.

It is again prayed in aid of the dullness and filth of "Troilus and Cressida." Says Troilus: "She (Helen) is a pearl Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships."

Is this "Shakespeare" going a bit better than Marlowe, or Marlowe than himself? Doubtless neither.—Yours, &c., SYDNEY OLIVIER.

A WELSH UNIVERSITY LABOR PARTY.

SIR,—May I be allowed to bring to your notice the recent formation of a Welsh University Labor Party? Individual membership is open to all graduates, members of teaching staffs, and non-graduate ex-students. All those eligible for membership are requested to apply to the undersigned.—Yours, &c.,

J. H. WILLIAMS,
Hon. Sec., *pro tem*.

University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff.

A CORRECTION.

SIR,—Permit me to draw your attention to an error in the article "Two Men," in your issue of Saturday last.

Lord Gladstone's letter did not appear in the "Yorkshire Evening Post," but in the "Yorkshire Evening News." This was sent in reply to a leading article in the "Yorkshire Evening News."—Yours, &c.,

W. BARROW,
Editor.

Poetry.

A SUFFOLK PHILOSOPHER.

I MAKE no bones, I "yes" and "no"
With them whose money minds me;
Never fast, sir, never slow,
I take life as it finds me.
My pony Tim and me, my friend,
We're known from here to Bury
As tough 'uns, tho' the Lord should send
A terrible sight more worry.

The laws gets worse each law they pass,
No sense (without you're Squire);
They meddle with the poor man's glass,
They make God's time a liar:
But if I've said to rise at two,
I rise at two—no doubt on't—
To put my clock on, would that do?
Pray don't be you caught out on't.

They won't besure let we alone,
Religion, Education—
The magistrate want papers shown
To miss o' vaccination.
Why, paregoric was thought fine
For croup a score of years back,
But now the doctor has to sign
Or the shopmum put her ears back.

There's nothing like there used 'bout here,
There's nothing good, good's hopped it.
The beer I used to brew was beer,
But 'twas the "old Kayser" stopt it.
And rhubarb wine my missus made
Peculiar strong, all done with—
Two glasses of her parsnipade
Would puzzle ye to run with.

And fifty year ago a man
As had a trap and pony
Could keep himself and Mary Ann
And dog from getting bony.
But now they want to ride as fast
As cars can drive, or faster,
And my old Donkey Cart is class'd
Too mean for Miss or Master.

Once on a day I hawked, all round,
Fish-basket, ripe and rare uns;
And for a bit the trade was sound,
But then folks jibbed for spare uns.
Mackerel (a pretty fish) and Cod
(The middle parts) I've sold 'em
Tenpence a pound, so help me God,
And even that didn't hold 'em.

For some, the cheaper you may fall,
Turn up their snouts and mutter,
And if you gave the fish and all,
Would ask where's bread and butter.
More they expect the more they get—
Even my own cousin cheat me:
He owe me for a bloater yet,
I'll tell his ghost if't meet me.

But I act fair and square by all
As act the same by Freddy
(I hear the parson's lady call
"Bealey"? he's always ready).
I'm like yourself, I like a drop,
But when folks call me grouser,
That surely do stick in my crop—
I could catch them such a dowser.

MARY BLUNDEN.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE Reparations Commission's decision represents at least some considerable modification of previous impossible demands; and the tentative scheme put forward for discussion by Sir Robert Horne sets out an arrangement from which a lasting settlement on sane lines might eventually emerge. Meanwhile, the German mark goes to new low records, and its demoralization is yet another reminder that the three-years overdue task of European settlement still, in the main, lies ahead. The City places small hopes in Genoa, for America will not be there, and inter-Alled debts and Reparations will not be discussed. This obviously limits the scope so much that financial opinion finds it difficult to see the reasons for the Prime Minister's enthusiasm for the Conference. One point in Mr. Lloyd George's speech on Monday will be looked for with interest. Devaluation is to be discussed at Genoa. What is the Government's policy in regard to this important question? Apparently, experts will, at Genoa, impress upon the representatives of countries with depreciated currencies that they must devalue. In the case of many countries it will obviously be inevitable. But such advice to other countries would be hardly consistent with the maintenance of the view (with which the Government is rightly or wrongly credited) that for us in this country to devalue would be a breach of faith. So a Ministerial statement on this vexed question will be awaited with much interest.

But far more interest is being taken in the forthcoming Budget than in the Genoa Conference. Sir Drummond Fraser advocates a cut of two shillings off the Income Tax, but general expectations do not go so far. Some reduction, however, is regarded as probable, and those whose task it is to estimate revenue may perhaps count upon a reduction stimulating trade and recouping the Treasury through other taxes. In responsible quarters there would be strong opposition to borrowing to pay the pensions bill, or to any other expedient which, in order to relieve present taxation, merely stores up future liabilities. Such a policy would be akin to those which we are apt to condemn so severely when adopted by Continental nations which are much harder pressed financially than Great Britain.

THE CLOSE OF THE FINANCIAL YEAR.

Late to-morrow night the final figures of revenue and expenditure for the fiscal year 1921-22 will be issued. The accounts issued on Tuesday, covering the period up to last Saturday, leave only five days still to be accounted for. But the last few days are accustomed to bring surprises, both on the revenue and on the expenditure side of the accounts, particularly on the latter. On the whole the figures so far available suggest that a balance will be achieved, with possibly a small surplus on the right side. But in last week's statement end-of-the-year adjustments are already visible, and for the first time for many weeks the expenditure exceeded revenue by over £20 millions. To date the revenue surplus is £34 millions, but the operations of the final five days may be expected to wipe out a good deal of this. The floating debt was increased last week by £11 millions, and we may expect further increases during the next few weeks. But the total of the floating debt to-day is £235 millions less than a year ago. A feature of the national accounts is still the large subscriptions to Savings Certificates, which have exceeded £25 millions in the past six weeks, to which last week contributed over £6½ millions. When the new terms come into force on April 1st, a drop must be expected, but these Certificates at 16 shillings will still be a most attractive investment.

MONEY AND STOCKS.

Although some stringency developed in the money market, as is customary with the approach of the close of the financial year, and the market borrowed to some extent from the Bank, the investment markets are again showing conspicuous strength. The 5 per cent. War Loan touched 99 yesterday, while the strength of Victory Bonds was a special

feature, active demand carrying their quotation to the new high record of 88½. Home Railway stocks have again displayed much vivacity, Great Western, London & North Western, North Eastern, and Metropolitan in particular recording substantial gains. But the gilt-edged markets were mainly responsible for the decided increase in the volume of Stock Exchange transactions. The driving force behind this activity is the expectation of a period of cheap money when the new financial year is under way. A reduction in the Bank rate is spoken of fairly confidently in some quarters as a comparatively near possibility, and the cheap money hope is supported by the news of a striking easement in monetary rates in New York.

SHIPPING DEBENTURES.

The recent debenture issue by the P. & O. has been followed by another shipping company, Lamport & Holt, who last week offered £2,000,000 5 per cent. stock at 81½. These flotations have drawn attention to shipping debentures as investments. Of these, I give below a selection of some of the most prominent:—

Shipping Debentures.	Rate of Interest.	Maturing.	Total Balance Sheet Assets.	Price End of Feb. 1921.	Price Mar. 29, 1922.	Pre- sent Yield.
			£			£ s. d.
Cunard	5	Aug. 1, 1941	24,463,972	95½	103	6 14 6
Elder, Dempster & Co.	5	Jan. 1, 1940	13,063,072	72½	85	6 9 3
Lamport & Holt	5	Jan. 1, 1962	6,481,710	71½	84½	6 0 6
Oceanic	4½	June 30, 1943	12,433,570	73½	83½	5 19 3
Orient	4½	Sept. 30, 1925	3,894,731	90	96	6 16 3
P. & O.	5	Perpetual	23,236,598	57½	63½	5 10 3
Royal Mail	4½	After 1918 at Co.'s option	21,745,079	68½	78½	5 14 9
	15			70½	85½	5 17 0

Allowance has been made for profit on redemption and accrued interest in calculating the yields in the above table. The P. & O.'s recent issue of £3,500,000 5½ per cent. debentures at 96½ and that of Lambert & Holt last week were both quickly over-subscribed. Among the securities in the above list I regard the Cunard debentures as a very sound investment. The yield, without allowing for redemption, is over 6½ per cent., and the security is of the very soundest in this class. The prospectus under which the issue was made about fourteen months ago provided security of more precise and satisfactory a nature than that offered in the case of many issues in this category. Although they stand now five points above par and redemption level, these debentures are a good purchase for holding as an investment for some years. I strongly commended the issue to my readers when it appeared, and those who were among the original subscribers have abundant reason for satisfaction.

LEVERS' ACCOUNTS.

The huge industrial concern of Lever Brothers is a hardy plant, for it displays a remarkable capacity for thriving even in the most unfavorable weather. The year 1921 was a period of world-wide trade depression without parallel in recent history, but this company is able to show a rise of over three-quarters of a million sterling in net profits. After meeting charges for repairs, renewals, alterations, depreciation, and insurance, net profits for 1921 were £4,035,516, as compared with £3,270,091 in the previous year. It will be remembered that an issue of £4,000,000 of 7 per cent. debentures was made about a year ago. On the other side of the balance sheet appears an increase of £2,750,200 in holdings in associated concerns. Curiously enough, I cannot find the interest on the new debentures mentioned in the accounts, and presumably this was deducted before striking net profits. The special reserve fund is allocated £250,000, and the ordinary dividend reduced from 20 per cent. to 10 per cent. The balance sheet is not so informative as one could wish, but there would appear to be no ground for the shareholders to express anything but satisfaction at the unbroken and successful expansion of the business. Although the quotation has risen to the neighborhood of 104 the 7 per cent. debentures are still a very sound investment.

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THE ATHENÆUM

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The World of Books.

THE interests of human society are like the atom nucleus and the rushing circle of magnetic electrons within its orbit. The nucleus—politics, business, shaving, catching buses, eating, sleeping, taking medicine, exploring Income Tax forms, and so on—is the pillar of the universe; but the electrons, those plunging and intoxicating bodies—love, archæology, gardening, photosynthesis, auto-suggestion, music, anthropology, bookmanship, the camera, billiards—are what make it go round. Each one of these electrons in their myriads is a pulsating microcosm with a constitution, like the eyebright's, more elaborate than that of the United States. In archæology, for instance, you may master the Law of Stratigraphical Succession and yet fail to realize that in the river terraces the upper is the older and the lower the newer; you may visualize the summers and winters of æons by murmuring *Rhinoceros merckii* or *tichorinus* without measuring the distortion of vision caused by their tenacity of life in the face of change, and if you think you know where you are by getting off the series of civilizations from Pre-Chellean to the Bronze Age, you are a sanguine person.

* * *

THE immense complexity of prehistoric inquiry expands almost with every passing month, and our divisions between Palæolithic and Neolithic are hardly more significant of vast changes in culture and racial type than those between the Acheulean and Mousterian Ages, the Mousterian and Aurignacian, and the early Neolithic and the Bronze. We hand over to the Cro-Magnons four great periods, but the Solutrean, with its poverty in industrial and decorative work and its specialization in the "laurel-leaf" point, drives a very literal wedge between the Aurignacian and Magdalenian, while the last of the Palæolithic cultures, the Azilian-Tardenoisian, with its painted pebbles, its microliths, tectiforms, and other geometric designs, differs radically from the Cro-Magnon, and contains elements of Neolithic and even Alpine infusion. The transitions of the Neolithic stone axes and burial memorials—from round to square edges, from dolmens to *allées couvertes*, to cists and so on—indicate as different cycles in the character of human occupancy of the West as denudation and deposition modify the earth's surface. A few years ago the gap between the Upper Pliocene and the Chellean civilization (beginning in the second Interglacial period of the Pleistocene) was simply a hole in time. Now we

know that at least three different species of man, the Piltdown, Heidelberg (pre-Neanderthaloid), and Trinil races (Burkitt in "Prehistory" is out of date in identifying the Trinil beds as Tertiary), flourished in the early Pleistocene.

* * *

WE may, again, be diffident about accepting Reid Moir's theory that Piltdown man worked the implements found in the Suffolk Red Crag, which is a Pliocene deposit. But there can be very little doubt that these flints of the sixteen-foot Foxhall level are of human workmanship, and Breuil, the Die-Hard against Eoliths, has accepted them as such. The flakes and cores are not only of too fine a quality and purposed a shaping to have been scored by stream pressure or the friction of overlying strata, but they lay upon a definite occupation level—the floor of Tertiary Man. This *atelier* was in the centre of the Red Crag sand deposits, and in the detritus-bed below them Reid Moir and Lankester claim to have discovered artifacts of still earlier development (principally rostro-carinates) contemporary with the bones of the three-toed Hipparion, an earlier form of the true horses. With the First Glaciation (Neanderthal man is as late as the tundra period succeeding the Fourth), we have in all probability three distinct British industries of Upper Pliocene and Lower Pleistocene man—the Pre-Crag, "Foxhallian," and "Cromerian." It would be interesting to know if posterity summarizes the principal events of the earlier twentieth century as the Decline of civilized and the Rise of Tertiary man. The old homogeneous impression of prehistoric man squatting in the porch of his rock shelter, watching with dull eyes glacial and subtropical phases, has been split into a thousand pieces. He himself rose and fell and threw the spray of his energy upon the yielding rocks of life, like an unquiet sea. And still man lives in rocks in the limestone-cliffs of Les Eyzies, where the cave-bear once scratched his claws upon his own polychromatic image! Historic man could never have changed nor stuck fast as he has done but for the experiments and differentiations of his unstoried ancestry.

* * *

THE art of prehistoric man is as revolutionary in change as are his cultures. Burkitt, in his very solid "Prehistory," puts sympathetic magic as the motive both of the Cro-Magnon naturalistic art and the conventional signs and symbolic pictographs of the Neolithic peoples. It is a queer view of the rhythms of emotional expression which describes the bison, reindeer, and mammoths of Dordogne and the Pyrenees as born of the same impulse as the waxen figure of one's enemy stuck with pins. The hardness of the rock-face, the dank and gloomy recesses of the caverns where the mural paintings are, would have been too much, he conjectures, for the easy artistic temperament. Milton hardly wrote "Paradise Lost" on his head. There is surely as profound a difference between the temper, character, and derivation of Palæolithic and Neolithic art as there is between Pascal and a medicine man. The more complex Neolithic peoples tormented themselves with religion, and made blood-sacrifices on theories of sanctity; the Magdalenian took life as he found it, not as he invented it.

H. J. M.

Short Studies.

THE CURE.

I.

In the gathering darkness Bert stood irresolutely before the pillar-box. Twice had he approached the letter to the fatal slot, twice had he drawn back. There was something irrevocable in posting a letter. He eyed the pillar-box with resentment; surely its greedy mouth was opening wider! Bert's grip tightened on his letter, he regarded it thankfully; on the envelope he could make out:

"Miss Gladys Ransom."

Would she meet him as usual? How silly to write to someone in the same village! Better tear the letter up. Yet, in a sense, what he had written was true. His aunt *had* died of consumption; the Army doctor *had* advised him "to take care of his chest." Oh, let it go! Let the damned thing go! He thrust the letter savagely into the box; it dropped with a queer little clash.

The next evening Bert waited for Gladys in the Rectory Meadows. Listlessly he watched the tireless swallows flashing around, almost touching him.

"They're flying low!" he muttered.

He looked aloft, but the sky was clear; over Abbey Wood a faint moon hung in the dusky blue. Then, in the distance, he saw Gladys waving her hand gaily; he waved back with an arm of lead.

"What's wrong?" thought Gladys, and her steps lagged.

They met without words, and kissed without zest. Gladys was puzzled, a little angry.

"Is something wrong?" she cried. "Why don't you look at me?"

"Didn't you get my letter?" asked Bert, in a low voice.

"Letter!" she cried. "What letter? I got no letter!"

Something in his brain stopped jolting, a sense of peace stole into him, he closed his eyes. . . .

"What letter?" repeated Gladys, impatiently.

The question brought him back; he glanced at her swiftly; she was dreadfully white.

"I've got bad news," he said.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Gladys, softly, touching him.

Then he told her. It was wrong for consumptives to marry, very wrong; the doctor would tell her; the wisest thing was to part; it was hard. . . . Gladys protested, tearfully, she would never give him up; it might be all a mistake; doctors often made mistakes. Bert shook his head. Oh, she would stick to him, "better or worse." Bert went on shaking his head.

II.

Mrs. Ransom had her suspicions; she knew Bert, he wasn't the stuff martyrs are made of. She would keep her eyes open. And one night a few weeks later she was scarcely surprised to discover Bert fondling Rachel Hardy in Chestnut Walk. Mrs. Ransom made quite certain of it.

"Good evenin', Bert!" she called. "Mind you don't catch cold."

Bert's arms dropped like logs; for a moment he stood to attention, then skulked deep into the shadows. Mrs. Ransom laughed and walked on. Rachel was furious. . . . No, he wasn't to touch her. . . . slinking away like that. . . . enough to ruin a girl's character. . . . they might have been doing something wrong.

Bert slept badly that night; every time the church clock struck he heard Mrs. Ransom laughing, and when there was light enough to distinguish the faded roses of the wall-paper, thousands of pink-faced little devils grinned maliciously at him. All day he felt utterly weary. In the evening Mr. Critchley stopped him in the Square.

"I'm sorry to hear the bad news," he said. "Mrs. Ransom told me."

Bert was aghast, a cold trickle rolled slowly down his spine; a kindly hand patted his shoulder.

"But you did the right thing, my boy," said Mr. Critchley, cheerily. "You did the right thing!"

Bert could stand no more, he tore himself away. Of course, the thing was bound to come out, but. . . fools like Critchley, with their sickening sympathy, that loathsome hand. . . . Who was approaching? Bert crossed swiftly to the other side of the street. His mother met him on the doorstep; she looked fretful and careworn.

"What's this I've been hearing about you?" she asked.

"What are you talking about?" he said.

"Why, that you're consumptive, not likely to make old bones, and—all that!"

"A lot o' silly rot!" he replied, laughing, but his eyes had a hunted look.

"The tale's got about, somehow."

"Gossiping old fools!" retorted Bert.

He could not eat; he pushed away his plate with a shudder, his mother watched him anxiously.

"For God's sake, mother," he cried, "take your eyes off me!"

He rose excitedly and took down his cap.

"Don't go out without a coat," urged his mother. "It gets chilly o' nights."

Bert swore, and rushed headlong outside; already he might be late for Rachel. It was dark under the trees; he was glad Rachel had not arrived. His mother was right; the evening was chilly. The unfriendly trees dripped on him, the fallen leaves were sodden and slimy, a thin, ghostly mist drifted about his knees. He walked up and down shivering. Why didn't she come? Had she heard too? She had been a bit queer last night. Well, he would wait till the church clock struck the half-hour; he wasn't going to hang about all night for any girl! The clock struck harshly. Bert stood still; he would give her five minutes more. . . . But the clock chimed again before Rachel came. Bert upbraided her for being late; she told him he needn't have waited. They passed through a stile and crossed a meadow by a narrow path. Bert took the girl's arm and pressed it, but the arm stayed limp. His teeth gave a sudden chatter, and Rachel turned to look at him.

"Come out of the grass," she said. "Your feet will be soaked."

Bert flung the arm aside and dropped behind. He watched her striding along, a big, wide-hipped girl; how strong she looked! They reached the sandy knoll, honeycombed by rabbits; it was dry here, and Bert proposed that they should sit down. Rachel curtly refused.

"Do you know what they're saying in the village?" she demanded.

He had expected the question, yet it came like a blow. Her voice was hard, businesslike.

"What d'ye mean?" he said.

"That's Gladys Ransom gave you up becous there's something the matter with you."

"It's a lie!" burst forth Bert. "Who said that?"

"Never mind," said Rachel. "Tell me why she gave you up."

"I told you," said Bert, sullenly.

Their eyes met challengingly; his look was guiltily defiant, hers unfriendly, critical. She was appraising him. How white he was, shrivelled up! His lips trembled and his hands shook. She began to draw on her gloves.

"I'm going home," she said.

It was her action that drove Bert to a frenzy; he seized her roughly by the arms.

"What's come over you?" he cried, passionately. She shook herself free.

"Let me be," she said, shrilly. "You fuss now; in the village you hardly look at me."

"You know why."

"I'm sick and tired of all this secrecy," she cried.

"It's hateful!"

Bert made no reply; a frightful tickling was at his throat; he made heroic efforts not to cough. Rachel had buttoned her gloves.

"Living a scared life," she went on, bitterly. "Like rabbits."

She laughed and turned away. He made no attempt to stop her, and she passed on, leaving him standing there. He watched her till she was out of sight, then he sat down and burst into a fit of coughing.

III.

Bert passed another sleepless night. Everything was against him, he was in a world that had turned its back on him. He was glad to get up; he sat shivering on the edge of the bed, and put his hand to his throbbing head; he was sure he was sickening for something. "Thank God for Saturday!" he muttered. On his way to work, old Mrs. Stokes spoke to him. Oh, how sorry she was! advised him of a wonderful Lung Tonic. The old woman's pity comforted him strangely; he was ashamed now he had been so short with his mother and old Critchley.

There was to be a great football match that afternoon in the neighboring town; that would distract him. And he recollected a stall in the market-place where one could buy "Medical and Surgical Necessaries under Cost Price."

The market was always thronged on Saturday night; Bert plodded through the trampled mud and found the stall he sought; it stood next the bird-fancier's, where "Guaranteed Songsters" were selling dirt cheap. At the medical stall an old man was fumblingly trying pair after pair of spectacles. Bert stood awhile watching the birds, which, under the roaring blaze of flares, were restlessly hopping in tiny wooden cages. Birds in cages interested Bert; at other times he would have rejoiced in the life and gaiety around him. To-night he scanned the list of medicines "Guaranteed Pure by Eminent London Analyst." It was a long list—"Liver Troubles," "Backache," "Indigestion," "Chest Complaints"—that was what he wanted. The old man had gone now, and Bert approached the dealer.

"I want a bottle of chest medicine, please."

"Righto!" said the dealer. "Just come inside while I mixes it."

He put his hand in an inside pocket and drew out a packet; he came unpleasantly close to Bert.

"You might like to look at them postcards while I gets the stuff ready," said the dealer, sliding the packet furtively into the other's hand.

Bert drew out a postcard mechanically; his casual glance hardened to a fixed stare, a feeling of nausea came over him; he dropped the packet on the ground and rushed away.

Oh, how rotten everything was! He pushed his way through the crowd and turned towards home. It was pleasant in the lane; the air seemed wonderfully sweet, it touched his face softly, refreshing him. The sense of escape was upon him; once or twice he glanced back. . . . He stepped forward briskly, taking great, greedy breaths; he rejoiced to be alone, away from folks; he was grateful for the very darkness. He rejoiced that he had thrown that fellow's cards away.

"Rotten swine!" he said, fiercely.

The walk was doing him good; his headache had gone, he hoped supper would be ready. He was close to the village now, yonder were the lighted windows. What a fool he had been! After all, Gladys was a good sort . . . not good-looking, perhaps! . . . All this trouble, but it served him right.

"Rotten swine!" he murmured.

Then he stopped dead, his heart hammering. "Best get it off my chest!" he said. He came panting to the Ransoms' door and knocked; then he was desperately afraid. Oh, if only Gladys would answer the door! He heard a heavy step within: he tried to turn away, but his legs were water. He heard Mrs. Ransom's voice.

"Gladys!" she cried, "see who's at the door!"

Bert wiped his forehead: his luck was in to-night. The door opened, but he could find no words. Gladys peered out into the darkness.

"You!" she cried, startled into joy; then she drew back ashamed. Bert held out his hands.

"I'm a rotten swine!" he said.

"Who is it?" called Mrs. Ransom.

The door closed softly in Bert's face.

C. H. BARKER.

Reviews.

THE EMPEROR BABUR.

The Memoirs of Babur. LEYDEN and ERSKINE'S Translation. Annotated and Revised by Sir LUCAS KING. (Milford. 32s.)

AT the time that Machiavelli was collecting materials for "The Prince," a robber boy, sorely in need of advice, was scuttling over the highlands of Central Asia. His problem had already engaged the attention and sympathy of the Florentine; there were too many kings about, and not enough kingdoms. Tamurlane and Gengis Khan (the boy was descended from both) had produced between them so numerous a progeny that a frightful congestion of royalties had resulted along the upper waters of the Jaxartes and the Oxus, and in Afghanistan. You could scarcely travel two miles without being held up by an Emperor. The boy had inherited Ferghana, a scrubby domain at the extreme north of the fashionable world; thinking Samarkand a suitable addition, he conquered it from an uncle when he was thirteen. Then Ferghana revolted, and while trying to subdue it he lost Samarkand, too, and was left with nothing at all. His affairs grew worse; steal as he might, others stole quicker, and at eighteen his mother made him marry—a tedious episode. He thought of escaping to China, so hopeless was the block of uncles, and cousins, and aunts; poisoned coffee and the fire-pencil thinned them out, but only for a moment; up they sprang; again he conquered, lost, conquered and lost for ever Ferghana and Samarkand. Not until he was twenty-one, and had taken to drink, did the true direction of his destiny appear; moving southward, he annexed Kabul. Here the horizon expanded: the waters flow southward again from Kabul, out of the Asian continent into the Indian; he followed them, he took Delhi, he founded the Moghul Empire, and then, not to spoil the perfect outline of his life, he died. Had Machiavelli ever heard of Babur? Probably not. But if the news had come through, how he would have delighted in a career that was not only successful, but artistic! And if Babur had ever heard of Machiavelli, how gladly he would have summoned him and shown him a thing or two! Yes—a thing or two not dreamt of in that philosophy, things of the earth mostly, but Machiavelli didn't know about them, all the same.

These sanguine and successful conquerors generally have defects that would make them intolerable as companions. They are unobservant of all that does not assist them towards glory, and, consequently, vague and pompous about their past; they are so busy; when they have any charm, it is that of our Henry V.—the schoolboy unpacking a hamper that doesn't belong to him. But what a happiness to have known Babur! He had all that one seeks in a friend. His energy and ambition were touched with sensitiveness; he could act, feel, observe, and remember; though not critical of his senses, he was aware of their workings, thus fulfilling the whole nature of man. His admirers—and he has many—have called him naïf, because they think it somewhat silly of an emperor to love poetry and swimming for their own sake, and to record many years afterwards that the first time a raft struck, a china cup, a spoon, and a cymbal fell into the water, whereas the second time the raft struck, a nobleman fell in, just as he was cutting up a melon. Charming and quaint (they say), but no more: not realizing that Babur knew what he was about, and that his vitality was so great that all he had experienced rang and glowed, irrespective of its value to historians. It is the temptation of a cultivated man to arrange his experiences, so that they lose their outlines; he, skilled in two languages and all the arts of his day, shunned that false logic, and the sentences in his Memoirs jostle against one another like live people in a crowd:—

"Zulnun Arghun distinguished himself among all the other young warriors in the presence of Sultan Abusaid Mirza by the use of the scimitar, and afterwards, on every occasion on which he went into action, he acquitted himself with distinction. His courage is unimpeached, but certainly he was rather deficient in understanding. . . . He was a pious and orthodox believer, never neglected saying the appointed prayers, and frequently repeated the supererogatory ones. He was madly fond of chess; if a person played at it

with one hand he played at it with his two hands. He played without art, just as his fancy suggested. He was the slave of avarice and meanness."

No one of the above sentences accommodates its neighbor. The paragraph is a series of shocks, and this is characteristic of Babur's method, and due to the honesty of his mind. But it is not a naïf paragraph. He desires to describe Zulnun Arghun, and does so with all possible clearness. Similarly, when he is autobiographical. No softening:—

"When, from the force of youthful imagination and constitutional impulse, I got a desire for wine, I had nobody about my person to invite me to gratify my wishes; nay, there was not one who suspected my secret longing for it. Though I had the appetite, therefore, it was difficult for me, unsolicited as I was, to indulge such unlawful desires. It now came into my head that as they urged me so much, and as, besides, I had come into a refined city like Heri, in which every means of heightening pleasure and gaiety was possessed in perfection, in which all the incentives and apparatus of enjoyment were combined with an invitation to indulgence, if I did not seize the present moment I never could expect such another. I therefore resolved to drink wine."

Here is neither bragging nor remorse; just the recording of conflicting emotions and of the action that finally resulted. On a subsequent page he does feel remorse. On still a subsequent he drinks himself senseless. Fresh, yet mature, the Memoirs leave an ambiguous and exquisite impression behind. We are admitted into the writer's inmost confidence, yet that confidence is not, as in most cases, an enervating chamber; it is a mountain stream, arched by the skies of early manhood. And since to his honesty, and energy, and sensitiveness, Babur added a warm heart, since he desired empire chiefly that he might advance his friends, the reader may discover a companion uncommon among the dead and amongst kings. Alexander the Great resembles him a little, but Alexander is mystic and grandiose, whereas there are neither chasms nor fences in Babur, nothing that need hinder the modern man if he cares to come.

Nevertheless . . . old books are troublesome to read, and it is right to indicate the difficulty of this one.

Those awful Oriental names! They welter from start to finish. Sometimes twenty new ones occur on a page and never recur. Among humans there are not only the Turki descendants of Tamurlane and the Moghul descendants of Gengis Khan, all royal, and mostly in motion; long lists of their nobles are given also. Geography is equally trying; as Babur scuttles over the earth a mist of streams, and villages, and mountains arises, from the Jaxartes, in the centre of Asia, to the Nerbudda, in the centre of India. Was this where the man with the melon fell overboard? Or is it the raft where half of us took spirits and the rest *bhag*, and quarrelled in consequence? We can't be sure. Is that an elephant? If so, we must have left Afghanistan. No: we must be in Ferghana again; it's a yak. We never know where we were last, though Agra stands out as the curtain falls, and behind it, as a tomb against the skyline, Kabul. Lists of flowers, fruits, handwritings, headdresses. . . . We who are not scholars may grow tired.

The present edition should rescue us. It is a reprint of the only complete English translation—that by Leyden and Erskine, first published in 1826. The editor, Sir Lucas King, has made a great masterpiece accessible and intelligible to our generation by adding an introduction, marginal-contents, extra notes, and an index. With their help we may surmount the difficulty of the names. A new translation, by Mrs. A. S. Beveridge, is being issued, and will be a monument of scholarship when complete; it is to be regretted that meanwhile Sir Lucas has been debarred from using it in his own valuable work. He has, however, collated the French translation by Pavet de Courteille, which gives some interesting variants.

The original manuscript of the Memoirs was in Turki, and this brings us to our concluding point, that Babur belongs to the middle of Asia, and does not interpret the mind of India, though he founded a great dynasty there. His description of Hindustan is unfavorable, and has often been quoted with gusto by Anglo-Indians. "The people," he complains, "are not handsome, have no idea of the charms of friendly society, of frankly mixing together, or of familiar intercourse . . . no good fruits, no ice or cold

water, no good food or bread in their bazaars, no baths or colleges, no candles, no torches, not a candlestick." Witty and unphilosophic, definite and luxuriant as a Persian miniature, he had small patience with a race which has never found either moral or æsthetic excellence by focusing upon details. He had loved details all his life. Consequently, his great new empire, with its various species of parrots, concerning which he failed to get reliable information, and its myriads of merging gods, was sometimes a nightmare, and he left orders that he was to be buried at Kabul. Nothing in his life was Indian, except, possibly, the leaving of it. Then, indeed, at the supreme moment, a strange ghost visits him, a highly unexpected symptom occurs—renunciation. Humayun, his son, lay sick at Agra, and was not expected to recover. Babur, apprised that some sacrifice was necessary, decided (who told him?) that it must be self-sacrifice. He walked ceremonially three times round the bed, then cried, "I have borne it away." From that moment strength ebbed from him into his son, a mystic transfusion of the life-force was accomplished, and the five senses that had felt and discriminated so much blended together, diminished, ceased to exist, like the smoke from the burning ghats that disappears into the sky. Not thus had he faced death in the past. Read what he felt when he was nineteen, and his enemies closed round the upland garden in Ferghana. Then he was rebellious and afraid. But at fifty, by the banks of the sacred Jumna, he no longer desired to continue, discovering, perhaps, that the so-called Supreme Moment is, after all, not supreme, but an additional detail, like a cup that falls into the water, or a game of chess played with both hands, or the plumage of a bird, or the face of a friend.

E. M. F.

WOODROW WILSON.

Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him. By JOSEPH P. TUMULTY. (Heinemann. 21s.)

It is not always easy to separate this portrait of Mr. Wilson from the thick *impasto* of Mr. Tumulty's affectionate admiration. Nevertheless, the face is there, and 'tis an amiable and a not undiscerning picture. The design is clear. Mr. Tumulty would like us to write "good and great" under the subject of his brush-work; and if we make the first subscription without hesitation, we pause on the second, and then conclude to write it down. But why pause at all? Because he failed, and because, in thinking of one American President, we inevitably recall another, and are drawn to compare Lincoln's brilliant life-drama and its wonderful close with Wilson's chequered career and undramatic ending? No. The greatest fail who are before their time; their Galilean Ministry merely foretells the fated Calvary. It is quite possible to think of Lincoln going to Paris, and not failing; but as he did not go, and was never asked to set a ruined world right, the question is no more than an idle conundrum. The difficulty about Mr. Wilson is this. Here was a superior, an aristocratic mind, working with power on one set of conditions, and proving unequal to another. It is impossible, in view of the search-light that the critical mind has thrown upon Versailles, to say of Mr. Wilson that he was well prepared for his work, or that his plan and its associates were adequate. He made positive mistakes, and he was deficient in generalship. He ought to have taken Mr. Root and Mr. Taft with him, and Mr. Tumulty fails to meet the charge that his error was one of self-sufficiency. And he would have done well to go home in the "Washington" when (in April, 1919) it became clear that the toils were laid, and that he could not escape them.

But there is still a true defence of Mr. Wilson. He was an idealist; and the history of man records no other instance of a devotion of thought so absolute as his united to a perfectly composed and watchful attitude to the world as it exists. Versailles, like the Vienna of 1814, was a scene of knavery, of hard, materialistic striving, and also of expert and accomplished workmanship. Mr. Wilson was upright to the last inch of him, and his aptitude for work, though great, as Mr. Tumulty's record shows, was not trained for European politics and topography. His star moved in one orbit, that

of the strugglers of Versailles in another. In effect there was no gravitational relationship. Europe was broken; and she could only be restored by herself, and in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount. But the Sermon was preached from Montmartre, and the preacher was M. Clemenceau. Mr. Wilson's doctrine was too high; and it was also of foreign origin. The lack of excuse is for his mean detractors at home. On them, indeed, he might have retorted, as Paracelsus on his:—

"Have your way, rabble! While we fight the prize,
Troop you in safety to the snug back-seats
And leave a clear arena for the brave
About to perish for your sport!"

It is when we turn to Mr. Tumulty's narrative of his long association with the ex-President that we realize that Versailles did much less than justice to Mr. Wilson's powers as a leader. We can guess that they were a little stiffened by coldness, more of manner than of heart. The tactlessness of the high-minded is apt to be a little cruel, and Mr. Wilson might have had a warmer place in his countrymen's hearts if he had had Lincoln's gay walk, and his hearty way with the unregenerate. "I am cold in a certain sense!" he admitted, and in a strain of endearing self-confession lamented that he could never dramatize himself: could not "put it over" the footlights. "I want people to love me, but I suppose they never will." But if he failed to gain affection he earned it. Though he rarely travelled, talked no fustian, and never grimaced, his Presidential policy will stand, we think, in Mr. Tumulty's picture of it, as the finest piece of administrative service that the later America ever enjoyed. The peacemaker with Mexico, and the author of the Panama Tolls and the Federal Reserve Acts, was of the race of man's benefactors; and so was the Governor of New Jersey, challenger and victor in his tough battle with the bosses of State Democracy. And of all the chief actors in the tragedy of the war, his is the one figure whose attitude of vigilant concern never relaxed into a single gesture of the posing histrion. Mr. Tumulty shows that while the President fought America's part in a spirit of determined zeal, and with the born commander's eye, he surveyed the process of war with underlying moral disapproval. On the day of the delivery of his War Message, says Mr. Tumulty,

"he sat silent and pale in the Cabinet room. At last he said: 'Think what it was that they were applauding' [he was speaking of the people who were lined along the streets on his way to the Capitol]. 'My message to-day was a message of death for our young men. How strange it seems to applaud that!'"

The President is here served by, and also with, Mr. Tumulty. The Secretarial sauce is abundant, and piquant.

MORE LOEB'S.

Menander, by FRANCIS G. ALLINSON; Callimachus and Lycophron, by A. W. MAIR, with Aratus, by G. R. MAIR; Thucydides, Vol. III., by CHARLES FORSTER SMITH; Lucian, Vol. III., by A. M. HARMON; Ausonius, Vol. II., by H. G. E. WHITE. The Loeb Classical Library. (Heinemann. 10s. each.)

WE wrote lately on Menander, and shall here deal solely with Mr. Allinson's translation. We cannot say that it adequately represents the masterly ease of the original Greek. The Loeb series has usually preferred the vehicle of prose, but for all except the smaller fragments of his author Mr. Allinson has chosen what he calls a "*tertium quid* between verse and prose." For the *senarii* he gives us lines of six stresses, and compares them, except for the absence of rhyme, with the verse of Browning's "Fifine at the Fair." The metre is, of course, one of the oldest in English, was a favorite with the Saxons, and later with Sidney, became a deadly monotone in Drayton's "Polyolbion," and was honored by Milton in such lines as:—

"Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old."

Whether lines like this, having no break in the middle, can properly be called Alexandrines is a matter of dispute. Ben Jonson said no, but the terminology is not of importance.

What is important is that the weak stress should be sparingly used. Mr. Allinson ignores this necessity, and some of his lines are verse only on the fingers:—

"Why then do you delay?
My father now will come and he'll be begging me
To stay. But quite in vain he'll beg, that is up to
A certain point. For that's the programme. When that's
reached
And it seems best I'll then give in."

George Colman called his version of Terence "familiar" verse, but it was not so familiar as this. Yet the call of scansion sometimes makes Mr. Allinson put his words in an unnatural order:—

"For soon as I
Went in, without attempting any single thing
Of all that was my wont, not even mother's room
I entered, nay, nor any of the household called,
But to a room betook myself aside."

Nor is the order the only thing amiss. In the speech of to-day we do not use "wont" or "nay" or "betook myself" exactly as they are used here, nor do we say "forthwith" or "oh, wretched me!" or other like things which Mr. Allinson gives us. In his Introduction he implies that such phraseology reproduces Menander's *milieu*, and that modern equivalents would be out of place. This seems to be a fundamental error. Menander wrote contemporary colloquial Attic Greek. Of course, he wrote in verse, for at that date it had not occurred to anyone that comedy could be written in prose, but he was the master of his metre, and did not dislocate his words except to ensure the right meaning and emphasis. Terence had the same gift, and, borrower though he was, his lines never have the air of a translation. This cannot be said of Mr. Allinson's.

For Menander's trochaics Mr. Allinson uses the line of "Locksley Hall." It may be doubted whether this verse in English is suited to the drama, and in any case its effect in stress verse differs much from its effect in verse of quantity. We prefer Mr. Allinson's prose, which is often straightforward and vigorous. Yet here, too, he does not always recognize the vital distinction, and we shall venture to print as verse one passage which he offers us as prose:—

"Chase ever from thy life what brings annoy.
The span of life we live is something brief,
The time is scant."

A passage in Molière may occur to the mind.

Callimachus was not only a voluminous poet, but also a critic with a distinct principle. He held that the poet must be no slave to tradition, but must choose such a vehicle as best expressed the thoughts and feelings of his age. In his Alexandrian age the mine of epic poetry was, he thought, worked out. It was an age of libraries and learning. It is possible that Callimachus was himself a librarian, and at the least he was qualified for the post. The display of learning was an object in his eye, and he desired style and brevity more than more valuable things. Hence his quarrel with Apollonius, whose long poem of "Argonautica" makes Dr. Mair describe him with some justification as "the first of the romantics." Still, the new light on the horizon did not shine very brightly, and Callimachus may be forgiven if he mistook it for an old lamp with failing oil. He could not look forward over the centuries and see the spirit of Apollonius in the body of Heliodorus finding a new vehicle in prose. As for what survives of Callimachus, we may say that some of his epigrams stand far above his other work. Dr. Mair's translation does justice to his author.

The astronomical work of Aratus, says Quintilian, lacks movement and human interest. The criticism is just, but Aratus, though no poet, was an observer of nature, and supplied material to such masters as Lucretius and Virgil. We should like to think that it was his own observation that makes him tell us that the swallow, when it flies low over a pond or lake, strikes the water with its breast, whereas some poets make it dip its wings. It may be, however, that this, with other signs of coming rain, most of them afterwards borrowed and adorned by Virgil, was an inherited tradition. Jupiter himself, says Virgil, did not choose that the tiller of the soil should have an easy path. What was true of Italy was true of Greece, as Hesiod had cause to know; and from an early date the Greek ploughman

and herdsman had studied what should make him a prophet of the weather. Of Aratus we have under twelve hundred lines, and they are worth reading for the sake of those who borrowed from them. It may be noted that Virgil did not borrow blindly. Thus Aratus is mistaken in saying that the wings of the rook are thickly fledged. Virgil changed the phrase so as to indicate the serried ranks of a flying flock.

Mr. John Sargeant, who died last week, frequently reviewed new editions of the Classics for THE NATION and THE ATHENÆUM. This is his last contribution, corrected by him shortly before his death.

THE PINES, PUTNEY.

The Home Life of Swinburne. By CLARA WATTS-DUNTON. (Philpot. 15s.)

THE biographers have not destroyed and never can destroy the splendor of the lament for Baudelaire. The more we read of the life of Swinburne and his intimates the more we feel that the man was unknowable. We are shown a comic figure guarded by a comic angel. Could even the guardian angel have known very much of the poet over whom he spread his wings? Sub-acid biographers have put the blame on the angel, and others have made both look somewhat ridiculous. It would be better to remain entirely ignorant of Swinburne in his home; if the man was not in his works he was never anywhere at all. "Songs before Sunrise" will suffice.

Mrs. Watts-Dunton, angry at suggestions about her husband's influence, picks Swinburne out of the tub of nonsense in which he has been dropped, and dips him into tubs of pink and white dyes, and asks: "Doesn't he look nice?" If he were mildly amusing before, he is now, alternately, hilariously and pathetically ridiculous.

The eyes of those who see in the intimacy of Swinburne and Watts-Dunton something for humor or detraction are, to Mrs. Watts-Dunton, the eyes of the depraved. She finds it a "lovely" chapter of literary history. Hers is the task of rehabilitation. It is an infamous fiction that her husband placed the poet under a disciplinary restraint; he ruled him by love, guided him by advice, and influenced him by suggestion. She shows us what the poet became under this fostering. At The Pines, Putney, there would be discussions of the works of Conan Doyle and of other high matters, and an "almost adoring expression" would come into Swinburne's eyes when they looked at his friend. We learn how Swinburne lit his candles, and that the boots of the house-mates were made by the same bootmaker. "There was but little difference in the size, Swinburne's feet being a trifle larger than Walter's." The poet's tie was always a plain black silk one. He braced his trousers too high, and showed several inches of white sock. He was cured of the drink habit by Walter's literary suggestions. He went from brandy to port because port was Tennyson's drink, and changed from port to burgundy because that was the favorite beverage of the Three Musketeers. Finally he took to beer because that was Shakespeare's drink. "When he took his daily walk across the Common to Wimbledon he was perfectly free to indulge in whatever beverage he chose, but was never known to exceed his one bottle of beer at his favorite inn."

Swinburne did not dislike hawthorn blossom; on the contrary, he was fond of it, and on days in May would describe its beauty to others for fear they had not noticed it. At the "Rose and Crown" he drank his Bass from a "replica of the peculiarly thick tumbler which the Bard used at home." He found at the inn "a host and hostess who might have been appointed by the Almighty to minister to his needs after the very fashion he desired." We now know the Wimbledon tradespeople who had the honor of cashing his cheques; that he would never allow himself to be measured or fitted by a tailor; that he used "Sapphire Soap" because he thought it smelt of the sea; and that "he seemed constitutionally averse from doing anything himself which he could get others to do for him," which is not a characteristic attribute of bards only. His foolscap paper, like his soap, had to remind him of the sea; he would use it only if it were deep blue. His morning paper was the "Telegraph," and the evening's the "Pall Mall." If the latter were late he

grew restless and impatient. "If he laid down a book he had been reading, he would take it up again, perhaps days afterwards, and recommence reading it at the place where he had left it off." He hated to receive coppers in change unless they were quite new and bright. He could make jokes, too: one of them is explained in two and a-half pages.

For an hour and three-quarters every night Swinburne would read Dickens or Scott to Mr. Watts-Dunton and his wife; and Christmas Day at The Pines became a Dickens festival, "to honor the famous dead." Such larks, Pip! In reading "Ivanhoe" to his friend he would, as a preliminary, give "a brief synopsis of the events occurring in the preceding chapter, and of those about to follow—a usual custom with him when reading a book they both knew well." His manners at table were charming: "He would never think of helping himself until he was quite sure that you had everything you wanted." He never threw down his table-napkin untidily, but always folded it carefully, looking up afterwards with a satisfied ejaculation of "Ah!" His personal habits were clean. He was bored by scientific talk.

Swinburne was the author of "Poems and Ballads," "Tristram of Lyonesse," and other works.

"Painted some pictures, didn't he?" quizzed Whistler, after listening to a company discussing the hundred other accomplishments and virtues of Lord Leighton.

THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH FICTION.

The Prisoners of Hartling. By J. D. BERESFORD. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

The Secret Glory. By ARTHUR MACHEN. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)

AT the present time the general condition of English fiction is extremely interesting, more interesting, perhaps, than any particular examples of it. For it is now in a period of transition. The most gifted of our younger writers are obviously struggling away from the traditional conception that a novel is primarily a story. Ten years ago there was a brief and unsatisfactory period of compromise in which the then most enterprising young novelists abandoned themselves to thinly disguised autobiography. This period seems to have ended in 1914, either because these autobiographers themselves felt an incompatibility between their minutely superficial records and the general disaster into which civilization had fallen, or because they felt that others would feel it. They returned to the old tradition, and applied themselves with a good deal of popular success to the composition of stories. Some of them are quite respectable practitioners, but no one would dream now of looking among them for any real advance of the art of fiction.

The art of fiction has left them behind. It is, of course, dogmatic to exclude the composition of stories, the invention and exploitation of imagined situations, from the art of fiction. But, in so far as fiction is a significant art and not merely a pastime, it is the embodiment of the reflection of life through a contemplative consciousness. In order to render this contemplation a story has, in the past, been almost invariably employed. But the simple plots of Mr. Hardy and the complicated plots of Mr. Conrad are means to an end; they are never ends in themselves. Mr. Hardy conveys to us his vision of life as tragedy, Mr. Conrad his vision of life as mystery. Because they do this, they are true novelists; if they did not, they would be only story-tellers.

The rendering of a contemplation of life is the essential element of fiction as a high and serious art; and we may say that where the story exists as an end in itself the fiction must belong to an inferior kind, just as melodrama is debased drama, and the comedy of intrigue inferior to real comedy. Many great novelists have, no doubt, reflected life as seen through their consciousness without knowing what they were really doing; they have imagined that they wrote stories for the stories' sake. Every art is slow in coming to complete self-consciousness, and there is nothing to wonder at if the latest-born of all the arts of literature should have reached complete self-consciousness only within living memory. For not Flaubert, but Anton Tchekov was the first European writer of fiction to be wholly aware of his

own purpose. Flaubert's self-consciousness was only a technical self-consciousness; so, with a greater refinement, was Henry James's: and both inevitably lost as much as they gained by it. But now we have reached a point at which the most original writers of fiction here and in France are aware of the essential purpose of their art.

Complete artistic self-consciousness is an exciting but a dangerous condition; it stimulates, but it also inhibits. It enables a writer to discern the quality necessary to the thing he desires to create; it also weakens his creative energy. He is anxious to be sure of his aim, he feels he cannot afford to risk the large, free gesture of the great novelists before him; the margin of error is positively frightening. To take a story that is congenial and trust to luck that he will be able to convey his individual attitude to life by its means, is a venture upon uncharted seas. It is safer, he feels, to stick to the facts. And it is not a question of safety only; it is a question of truth also. By becoming conscious of the necessity of rendering his contemplation of life, he has become more conscious of the quality of that contemplation. He feels that it is infinitely various and fluctuating, and that the attempt to render it symbolically, by means of invented plot, must inevitably lead to a kind of falsification. Accordingly, he falls back upon autobiography. But autobiography in the fiction of which we are speaking now—the fiction that is represented at the two poles by M. Proust's "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" and Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses," and to a minor extent and in a more feminine kind by Miss Richardson—differs *toto colo* from the superficial autobiography which was abandoned by some of our successful novelists in 1914. "Sinister Street" is merely sentimental romanticism. It contains no attempt to convey nor power to discriminate the truth of experience; it may be autobiography; it is, none the less, a childish fairy-tale. But M. Proust, and Mr. Joyce, and Miss Richardson, with their various degrees of control and sensitiveness, of intention and self-consciousness, are trying to get back to the felt immediacy of experience, because it is the only reality of which they can be sure, and because they feel its uniqueness would be distorted if they employed a story to render it.

That is the one kind of typically modern writer of fiction. There is another. To some degree Baudelaire in his "Prose Poems," to a far greater, Tchekov, are the originators of the kind of which Miss Katherine Mansfield is the only considerable exponent in this country. These writers obey the same impulse towards the felt immediacy of experience; they have the same distrust of the *machine* of story; but they are naturally more objective, and perhaps naturally more creative, than those of the other kind. It was Baudelaire who formulated the principle which guides them. "In certain, almost supernatural, states of the soul," he wrote, "the profound quality of life reveals itself completely in the spectacle which is in front of one's eyes, however ordinary it may be; it becomes the symbol of that quality." Fiction based upon such perceptions has the directness of immediate experience; it is also naturally objective. The symbol is the sign of objectivity. But it appears to be inevitable that fiction of this kind should be short. It can hardly hold more than the content of a single act of perception, or a series of single acts of perception. It is difficult, if not altogether impossible, to conceive a novel written in this method. The illumination cast on to life is too brilliant to be maintained. If it were maintained it would be only confusing. At all events, no novel in the kind has been written, and Tchekov, who declared that he attempted one—he may have been deceiving his friends—certainly abandoned it.

In both modern kinds, which are far more closely related than superficially appears, the novel in the familiar sense is disintegrated. On the one hand, we have the interminable and exhaustive rendering of a consciousness; on the other, the most vivid and comprehensive moments of a consciousness: very big books and very little ones. But no novel. No novel because no story; no story because the desire for intimate fidelity to experience rejects the roughness, the insensitiveness, the continual more-or-lessness of the instrument.

That is, roughly, the present condition of the art of fiction. It is one, we believe, in which big books, but not

great works, will be written. The great work will be achieved by the writer who manages to reconcile the complexity of the modern consciousness with the presence of a story, simply because it seems impossible really to project that complexity without a more solid structural element than is supplied by the fact of a single consciousness, or the historical relations contained within it. "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" and "Ulysses" are both works of genius; probably neither is a work of art. They have not sufficient internal lucidity to save them from the corruption of time; they will last longer as social documents than as creations of the *liber spiritus*. The authentic immortality is more likely to descend upon the very little books than the very big ones.

By this time our two novels are buried beneath the mass of the general considerations they have suggested. For these thoughts took flight from Mr. Beresford's "The Prisoners of Hartling." In this book, at least, Mr. Beresford has become a story-teller pure and simple. And so we can say nothing about it, except that it is a very good story. There is no escaping from it. Once begun, it has to be read through to the bitter end. But it is a pastime only. Once the secret is discovered, the story slips completely from the mind; and for this reason it is unfair to tell what it is. We will only say that there is a high brick wall round Hartling, and that Mr. Beresford again displays his remarkable talent for isolating his problem.

Even if we wished, we could not tell the story of "The Secret Glory." Mr. Machen manages to combine an onslaught on the public-school system with some watery Paterian mysticism. Personally, we have an equal dislike of those who belaud and those who denigrate the public-school system. Besides, "there ain't no sich person": there are as many systems as there are public schools. But Ambrose Meyrick, if he could have been jerked for a moment by his creator into a semblance of real existence, would justify the worst outrages wrought upon him by his equally incredible *alma mater*. He is a sentimental philanderer with aesthetic Catholicism, a mystical Celtic dreamer, a Soho Bohemian (before Soho was ruined, of course); but these crimes are as nothing compared to his incorrigible penchant for "poetic prose." Mr. Machen has encouraged him in it. He will have a great deal more to answer for in the day of judgment than the schoolmaster who tried to beat him out of it.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

ABOUT MONEY.

Foreign Exchange. By T. E. GREGORY. (Milford. 2s. 6d.)

The World's Monetary Problems. By GUSTAV CASSEL. (Constable. 3s. 6d.)

War and National Finance. By the Hon. R. H. BRAND. (Arnold. 15s.)

ALTHOUGH so much of our business and our livelihood depends upon the terms on which we buy and sell abroad, very little attention has hitherto been paid even by practical bankers, much less by traders, to the laws which regulate their buying and selling. Now suddenly the fluctuations of the exchanges have become a topic of general conversation, and everyone is supposed to be interested in the subject. But it is easier to talk about than to understand. We ought, therefore, to be grateful to those who can put into intelligible language the essential facts we require to know, and can explain in a convincing way the interrelation of the different movements of money and prices.

The subject cannot be made so easy as to dispense with concentration of thought. But among the several primers that have appeared we recommend Mr. T. E. Gregory's little volume on "Foreign Exchange," in Mr. Milford's series, "The World of To-day," as the most serviceable for the intelligent general reader or the young student. It deals in a close but clear and interesting manner with the meaning and methods of the exchanges, and the abnormal conditions prevailing during and since the war. It enforces and illustrates in a convincing way the principle that rates of exchange are determined by relative price-levels, itself a deduction from the concept of a world-market within which all real prices must tend to equality. The special applica-

tion of this truth about the parity of purchasing power to our present international financial troubles is the purport of the two important memoranda which the Swedish economist, Professor Gustav Cassel, presented to the Financial Conference at Brussels in 1920, and to the Financial Committee of the League of Nations last September, now translated and published by Constable & Co. under the title "The World's Monetary Problems." The mysteries of stabilization of the exchanges, the place of gold in our monetary system, the dangers of inflation and deflation, the conditions of international credit, the necessity of the balancing of budgets—these and other related topics are handled with a precision that gives confidence to the reader. No one has done more to drive into the heads of statesmen the sound and healing principles of finance which they have so persistently ignored and violated.

A fuller treatment of these and kindred matters is presented by the Hon. R. H. Brand, who gathers his contributions to "The Round Table" during the last few years into a volume entitled "War and National Finance." Here we find a highly competent account of the financial policy of our Government in the conduct of the war and its relations with Lombard Street, the financial exhaustion in which the belligerents were left when the war ended, and the policy adopted by them to meet their respective emergencies. A high importance attaches to the survey of the financial and economic future of England, the British Empire, and Europe, in the series of articles written after the war, and to the two concluding chapters dealing with international finance. Mr. Brand's rare conjunction of qualities and experiences in the official, business, and academic world should secure attention for his earnest endeavors to get the world on to its legs again. Essentially conservative in his view of the economic system and the relations of Capital and Labor, he stands for peace, retrenchment, and reform in accordance with the clearly recognized needs of our new situation. He insists upon the necessity of revision of the Peace Treaties so as to reduce reparations to a reasonable sum and to exclude the improper demands for pensions and allowances which we forced upon the Paris Conference. "On this question," he adds, "as on the great European problems in general, it is the duty of bankers and other financial authorities to show the politicians and the public the way to sanity and international goodwill." Mr. Brand's book is probably the best single contribution that has been made towards a study of the real costs of the war, the changes produced in the respective wealth of nations, and the methods of sound restoration.

Foreign Literature.

THE MEMOIRS OF A MAN OF ACTION.

Memorias de un Hombre de Acción. By Pío BAROJA. 12 vols. (Madrid: Caro Raggio. 5 ptas. each)

AFTER the events of the last few years, and the events which are still taking place in Morocco and on the borders of Europe, we are inclined to be suspicious of a man who proclaims the virtues of strength, hardness, and the other military qualities. He seems, at first, to be trying to drag us back to that state of barbarism which we have so narrowly escaped; and most readers, especially in England, will be looking for something more truly imaginative, something which seems to have a more definitely intellectual value, than "Memoirs of a Man of Action." Yet English people who read Spanish will miss a great deal if they miss Baroja. Like all good novelists, Baroja had to discover his own "Indies" and make his new dominion for himself; yet shortly before the war he abandoned his old world of modern Spain, where everything seemed to be inadequate, and set out as a *Conquistador* in a new one, planned like the Spanish scene at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was an age which was, as a matter of fact, no less insufficient than the one he had left; the early years of the nineteenth century were years in which the history of Spain became the history of various generals. But the men who lived then had go-

brio, vitality; and to many of them a life of adventure was the only reasonable life which a man could lead.

One day, Baroja came across some papers concerning a great-uncle of his, Eugenio de Aviraneta, a man who had fought in the Peninsular War, had taken part as a Liberal and Constitutionalist in every movement in Spain, and is said to have been with Byron at Missolonghi. Beginning with these, and undertaking a considerable amount of research in various archives and original documents, Baroja has produced twelve little volumes of "Memoirs of a Man of Action." How far the Aviraneta of the novels agrees with the Aviraneta of Spanish history must be left to future historians to decide. We imagine that Baroja has not willingly distorted his historical material, and has only invented in places where his documents give no information. A variety of methods have been used to tell the story. The author never comes on to the stage himself; Aviraneta appears in the stories and reminiscences of a great many different people, and at other times relates his experiences in the course of conversation. It was necessary, however, to find someone to whom Aviraneta could talk when no one else was present, and fill in the gaps in the story of his life. Accordingly, in "El Aprendiz de Conspirador" (The Conspirator's Apprentice), the opening volume of the set, two-thirds of the book are devoted to giving a general idea of Aviraneta as he struck his contemporaries at the time of the first Carlist war, and his meeting with Leguía, who becomes the receptacle of his reminiscences. Leguía also is founded upon a real person; and an excellent modern bust of him is to be seen in the small village of Navarre which was his birthplace. The remainder of the volume is occupied with memories of Aviraneta's childhood in Madrid about 1800, and his adventures at school at Irun, on the French frontier.

In the second volume, "El Escuadrón del Brigante" (The Guerrilla Troop), the action takes place in Old Castile during the Peninsular War, in which Aviraneta fought in a band of *guerrilleros* commanded by the priest Merino. The third, "Los Caminos del Mundo" (The Highways of the World), consists of three short stories, showing the Man of Action in France and then in Mexico. In "Con la Pluma y con el Sable" (With Pen and Sword) Aviraneta is back in Old Castile in 1822, taking the field against his old chief, the Cura Merino. "Los Recursos de la Astucia" (The Resources of Cunning) is made up of two short stories: "La Canóniga" (The Nun), a grim tale of that most grim Castilian town, Cuenca; and another dealing with a campaign made by the *guerrilleros* of General D. Juan Martín, commonly known as "El Empecinado." "La Ruta del Aventurero" also consists of two parts: "The Convent of Montsant," a curious, romantic tale of the Mediterranean, with something of the feeling of a painting by Böcklin; and another story: "The Voyage without an Object." There is no space to mention all the volumes. From the names it might be imagined that they were merely sensational literature; but they are not.

One of the most interesting to an English reader is "Los Contrastes de la Vida" (The Contrasts of Life), published a year ago. Like most of the volumes of the memoirs, it consists of several detached episodes. "El Niño de Baza" happens among Liberal refugees at Tangier. There is a delicious account of their life in the cheap pension, where the landlady's daughters employ their time in embroidering slippers, purses, belts, and harness which were afterwards sold in Tunis as genuine Moorish work. One of the refugees noticed that the design was not as good as it might be, and he arranged for a division of labor. When this was tried they found that the total production was almost doubled. The landlady was delighted, and eventually all four refugees set to work to cut out patterns.

"La Aventura de Missolonghi" presents Byron, and it presents him in a somewhat unusual light. Aviraneta, being the only Spaniard who had come to help him, was received with great friendliness, and lived on board Byron's ship for the last fortnight of the poet's life.

"What luck you have had!" an English officer said to him afterwards.

"How?"

"You have no idea what it means to have lived in intimacy with Lord Byron. Most of us Englishmen who were at Missolonghi never even spoke to him."

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Aviraneta found that life on board Byron's ship was of a regularity rather disconcerting to an old *guerrillero*. At five a.m. bagpipes played and a gun was fired; it was the signal for everyone to get up and turn out, so that the cabins might be swept. Byron himself rose at dawn, and read and wrote until eight. He did everything with the exactitude of a ship's chronometer. It was all very stiff and formal; one had to dress for dinner.

There is an amusing anecdote of Colonel MacClair, one of the officers who helped to collect and drill the volunteers. It is best in the original:—

"Estuvimos en Nápoles un día, que aprovechamos el coronel MacClair y yo en recorrer la ciudad en un *calesino* desvencijado. El cochero nos dijo si queríamos conocer unas muchachas. MacClair contestó sacando la Biblia y poniéndose a leer. Luego aseguró que Nápoles es una ciudad aburrida y monótona."

A thing particularly noticeable, in this and in some of the other adventures, is the kindness and help which Aviraneta received from British naval men, soldiers, and consuls. One finds that it was always an English officer who "facilitated" things—or, in other words, "wangled" them for him; and one can only hope that they are still prepared to do so for men like Aviraneta.

Among the most recent volumes—there are still two or three more to come—"La Isabellina" is of firmer construction and more of a book than some of the others. It gives the reader a real feeling for old Madrid, with Aviraneta, his friends and enemies, going about muffled in their cloaks. "Las Furias" (1921) brings back the atmosphere of the Carlist wars seen, not, as many novelists have seen them, as beautiful and romantic experiences, but as something cruel and disgusting, always a nuisance and nowadays unmentionable—a view shared by the majority of Spaniards both then and since.

The "Memoirs of a Man of Action" are a notable achievement in modern Spanish letters. They have been compared to the "Episodios Nacionales" of Pérez Galdós, in whose pages the figure of Aviraneta also appears; but the resemblance is little more than superficial. Galdós turned to history because he liked it; Baroja, because he was interested in the character of Aviraneta. The former went to books, the latter to the original documents. Galdós chose the most striking moments in the long muddle of nineteenth-century Spain; Baroja, only those which showed his hero in action. Galdós, again, gives the impression that the Spain of the Peninsular War was very different from what it is to-day; Baroja finds it much the same, particularly in remote country districts. Galdós (especially in the later "Episodes") is apt to get stuck in a welter of politics; Baroja always pulls the thing through, somehow, by the curiously persuasive naturalness with which he endows his characters. For an English reader, the starting-point for both the "National Episodes" and the "Memoirs of a Man of Action" is to be found in the Spanish scenes of "The Dynasts."

J. B. T.

Books in Brief.

The Complete Works of Sir Philip Sidney. Vol. II. Edited by ALBERT FEUILLERAT. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.)

This admirable edition is to be completed in three volumes, and the present one, containing the last part of the "Arcadia," the "Astrophel and Stella" Sonnet-sequence, "Certain Sonnets," the charming garden piece, "The Lady of May," and various doubtful or spurious poems attributed to Sidney, follows ten years after the first volume. In conformity with the custom of the "Cambridge English Classics," we are

presented with the text, copied from the earliest editions, and nothing but the text, the notes being exclusively devoted to variant readings from later editions of any authority—a necessary complement of the book, especially for the "Astrophel and Stella" Sonnets, whose first quarto of 1591 is very imperfect. Except for his "Defence of Poesie," Sidney's prose work is so little known in comparison with his verse that this opportunity to reread, and, if possible, to revise the current estimate of, the "Arcadia" will be welcomed by students of literature. The "Arcadia" was written by Sidney in retirement and disappointment, at Wilton, in 1580, and the whole of its aristocratic and tenuous idealism is a reflection of that mood. Its great merits are grace of spirit and beauty of expression; its faults unreality (in characterization as well as scene), diffuseness, and a total lack of narrative instinct except in episodic patches. Only a connoisseur of specialized taste could endure to read it through, but a small anthology of Sidney's work in prose and verse would, we think, rescue him from the too severe penalty of neglect for which his own failings as a writer are largely to blame. M. Feuillerat's excellent edition should serve as a happy basis for such an enterprise.

* * *

Tendencies in Modern American Poetry. By AMY LOWELL. (Oxford: Blackwell. 12s. 6d.)

MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER, quoted in the Press notices reprinted at the end of this volume, "has no hesitation in insisting that Miss Amy Lowell's 'Tendencies in Modern American Poetry' is one of the most striking volumes of criticism that has appeared in recent years." We, it must be confessed, feel quite a lot of hesitation. A book of criticism, it seems to us, should be marked by sound judgment and good writing. "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" is chiefly remarkable for the absence of both these qualities. Thus, when Miss Lowell says of Edwin Arlington Robinson, the poet who has the distinction of being one of the dullest of living bards, that his verses are wrought with "almost unapproachable technique," we can only gasp astonishment. But a little later we begin to laugh. "For a touch of modernity—science coloring the conceptions of the day, yet falling imaginatively and musically into the poem—take this passage:—

'Nor need we now, since he knew best,
Nourish an ethical unrest.'

Then there is Miss Lowell's style. On page 229 we find her reading a severe lecture to Messrs. Masters and Sandburg on their slips in grammar. It seems that they make a habit of saying "will" for "shall," "around" for "round," and so on. Miss Lowell, who belongs to the "third stage of the New Movement" and has "progressed far enough along the road of evolution to have again achieved a culture," makes no vulgar errors of this sort. Her stylistic lapses are of a different and subtler order: "A little book of 149 pages, and yet, in reading it, one experiences a sensation akin to that of a man who opens a jar of compressed air." "His temper is too unscientific to lead him to a minute self-examination with the test-tube of atavism for a guide." "It is he (Mr. Sandburg) and his ilk who bring us the points of view which are working so surely, if insidiously, upon the whole body of the people." It seems hardly necessary to give any more reasons for our continued hesitation.

* * *

Fungi. By HELEN GWYNNE-VAUGHAN, D.B.E., LL.D., D.Sc. F.L.S. (Cambridge University Press. 35s.)

THIS important addition to the Cambridge Botanical Handbooks is by the Professor of Botany at London University. Its introduction is a very lucid exposition of the characteristics and life-history of fungi in general. The special part of the work considers particularly the Ascomycetes, Ustilaginales, and Uredinales. The scope, as the author explains, is mainly morphological, but as her subjects are so minute the illustrations to her volume are of microscopical examinations. This indispensable manual, with its bibliography, is for workers in mycology.

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From the Publishers' Table.

THE dispute between the Book Trade Employers' Federation and their workpeople will be settled this week, we believe. The dispute came at an unfortunate time for authors and publishers, and no doubt the authors will suffer most as a consequence. The books have been produced, but booksellers have been unable to obtain them. Buyers, not understanding why they could not get books which were supposed to be on the market, cancelled their orders, and in the majority of cases they will not reorder; for books are still regarded as luxuries; the early impulse to buy a certain book is lost if it is not at once met and encouraged. There is seldom a resolute determination to have a book which will overcome all obstacles, as there is when a lady is after a new hat.

* * *

ONE of the most interesting reviews we have seen of a recent book was by Mr. Richard Aldington, on "The Influence of James Joyce," in "The Literary Review" of New York. The review was prompted by Mr. Joyce's new work, "Ulysses," published in Paris, a work apparently unread except by Mr. Joyce's friends and ardent disciples, because almost unprocurable. "Ulysses" ran as a serial in the "Little Review" of America—in which we used to peruse it—and we have heard that that review is now dead.

* * *

MR. ALDINGTON fears for the mental health and prose style (the same thing?) of young admirers of Mr. Joyce, and dreads that the effect of "Ulysses" will be simply damnable. He recommends that we give Mr. Joyce praise, that we anoint him with oil, put a crown of purple wool on his head, and send him to the United States with a fervent recommendation, trusting that simpletons there won't notice anything. Our advice to Dr. Canby is to keep a crafty eye on this deplorable counsel. It is not meant to do young America any good; it may destroy the *entente*.

* * *

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND has written an introduction to an important book, to be published soon by Edward Arnold, "Mount Everest," the narrative of the reconnaissance last year. From what we know of the photographic records secured by this expedition, the illustrations to the story will be remarkable.

* * *

ANOTHER promise of a book which should be kept in mind is "The English Village," by Mr. Harold Peake, President-elect of the Anthropological Section of the British Association. This work is the result of original research, and will examine the origins and the reason for the decay of the village community. Benn Brothers will publish it this spring.

Music.

BÉLA BARTÓK.

HUNGARY is a country little known to English people, and out of the few who visit it there are still fewer who ever attempt to grapple with the curious difficulties of its language. With its music everyone thinks himself familiar, thanks to Liszt, Brahms, and Korbay. But it is well to remember that Liszt, although born in Hungary, left his native land at the age of ten and spent his most impressionable years in Paris. The Hungarian Rhapsodies were not the work of a man who had saturated himself from his youth in traditional folksong; when Liszt wrote them he was a mature composer who suddenly took up his original nationality and proclaimed himself a Hungarian at a moment when Hungary was

a subject of political interest. It was an age which understood romantic patriotism to the full, but had no interest in anthropological research. To Brahms the Hungarian idiom was merely an artistic convention; he wrote "Hungarian" music as Swinburne wrote "Scottish" ballads. If he could be taken in, as he has been proved to have been, by deliberate forgeries of German folksongs, he is hardly to be regarded as an authority on the folk-music of Hungary.

The spirit of scientific research in musical folklore, which has had so widespread an influence on English music in recent times, has made its appearance in Hungary still more recently. M. Béla Bartók, who is now in London, may be compared to some extent with our own George Butterworth, at least in so far as Butterworth's short life admits of a comparison. M. Bartók, who was born in 1881, is the leader of a group of young Hungarian musicians who have set themselves to collect Hungarian folksongs from the lips of the people. The account which he gives of their labors in "La Revue Musicale" (November, 1921) shows that the conditions prevailing in Hungary are almost identical with those of our own country. There existed printed collections of national songs as there did in Victorian England; but they in no way represented the hidden treasure which has recently been brought to light. Collecting folksongs was a matter of much patience. It was only in the poorest villages, those most remote from the railways, that folksong could be found in its pure state. The collectors were received with mistrust; the peasants could not understand why gentlemen from the towns should want to hear their old tunes, and even imagined that the inquiry was connected with some new form of tax-collecting! And like our English country singers, they began, when they could be persuaded to sing at all, by singing the last new songs from the music-halls, thinking that these would be the most likely to please "les messieurs de la ville"; only by a process of exhaustion could they be induced to disgorge their real folksongs, and then with a certain shamefacedness, for fear that they would be laughed at.

M. Bartók has endeavored to separate out very carefully those melodies which are of pure Hungarian origin. They are for the most part pentatonic in scale and irregular in form. They begin invariably on a down-beat; this accords with the fact that all Hungarian words are accented on the first syllable. These songs, he thinks, may have been brought by the original Magyars from Asia. They have had no influence on the neighboring Slav countries; only in a small part of Roumania have they affected the music of another nationality. As was the case in England a generation ago, this real music of the people was absolutely unknown to "the so-called cultured classes." The tunes used by Liszt and Brahms are not genuine folksongs at all, but the compositions of amateurs dating from not very long before. What fascinated Liszt was the style in which they were played by the gipsy bands. An Englishman is not in a position to pass judgment on Korbay's collection, but there again the composer's art has been skilfully employed to suggest the familiar characteristics of gipsy accompaniment. What most people outside Hungary regard as the typical Hungarian scale—the scale with an augmented second—is, according to M. Bartók, not Hungarian at all.

Like George Butterworth, M. Bartók has absorbed his native music into himself and has developed out of it a style of his own. One of the first things that strike a musician about his compositions and about his way of playing them on the pianoforte, is his strong sense of rhythm and clear articulation. Hungarian is a language that is strongly stressed and clearly articulated. In this respect it has more resemblance to English than to any other European language—to English, that is, if English were properly spoken; it is a language of firm consonants and sharply defined syllables. This quality of definition is very marked in the performances of those four

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young Hungarian players who constitute the Léner Quartet. Other quartets had given Ravel's music that shimmering, elusive color which many people think characteristic of modern French music. These Hungarians made it extraordinarily definite and direct. And their sense of rhythm is their own, too. It is something quite different from the rhythmical style of the Bohemian Quartet, the elegant slash of the *beau sabreur*. What gives the Hungarians this personal style is not the vigor of attack, the display of what is commonly called "temperament," but the controlled and intelligent sense of rhythm. It is a pity, by the way, that they are devoting so much time to Brahms when they might be introducing us to more works of M. Bartók.

M. Bartók is a pianist, and his pianoforte pieces best explain his personality. He is one of the first pioneers of the modern style. Some devotees of the modern school are by no means pleased when anyone attempts to analyse styles and refer them to the influences of older composers. Such analysis often appears disparaging to unintelligent readers, because the composer who comes forward with a new style is generally indebted for it in various ways to people who have been—often justly—regarded as second-rate musical personalities. The "Bears' Dance," which is now a popular favorite, was played in London over fifteen years ago by O'Neill Phillips, a gifted pupil of Busoni, who died young. One sees now how much our musical humorists, such as Casella and Lord Berners, owe to M. Bartók. Fifteen years ago the "Bears' Dance" seemed hardly music at all. Its composer had struck definitely away from the romantic tradition. One can see in his works how he has learned something from Grieg and a good deal from the Russians. Much of his uncouth harmony comes from Scriabin; but his is an entirely different temperament from Scriabin's.

There is nothing hectic or neurotic about M. Bartók's music. The modern school make a great point of pursuing humor in music; a good deal of it, needless to say, is very cheap. But whatever harmony they may have learned from Scriabin, they have not learned their jokes from him, for Scriabin appears to have been quite devoid of any sense of musical humor. The modern musical humorists are descended from Alkan, a composer of peculiar interest to pianists, owing to the ingenuity of his technical problems. Alkan might well appeal to a modern Hungarian pianist, for he demands above all things sense of rhythm and a clearness of articulation which only an advanced technique can achieve. Another technical point about M. Bartók's music is his employment of two simultaneous keys. To trace the history of "bi-tonality" would be beyond the limits and the scope of this article. The device is by now commonly accepted. Like many ingenious novelties, it has been seized and exploited by the wrong people. Its grotesque aspect has attracted trivial minds, and the result has been a vulgarization that may well make serious composers view it with antipathy. Yet it is capable of being used with a genuine sense of beauty, as in Busoni's exquisite "Berceuse Elégiaque." M. Bartók has probably explored its possibilities more ingeniously and effectively than anyone else. These technical points are worth noting, because technicalities can be explained and often help a listener to understand what might otherwise be a strange language. But they are only the externals of M. Bartók's music. The poetry and beauty of it is not susceptible of explanation. It is in the innermost nature of the music that he seems to have an affinity with George Butterworth. This suggestion is not made for the benefit of those who take no interest in the music of yesterday; they need no help. But to those English people who find M. Bartók's music new and bewildering, to those who are little attracted by grotesques and baffled by serious music in an unfamiliar idiom, I would suggest that they approach it in the spirit in which George Butterworth's music leaves them.

EDWARD J. DENT.

The Drama.

THE WIFE-TRAINER.

It would be the poorest possible compliment to Mr. Arnold Bennett to congratulate him on "The Love Match," his new play in five scenes now being given at the Strand Theatre. No doubt an author is not compelled, just because he stands in the front rank of all, to give us nothing but his most solid and carefully considered work. He may throw off a trifle or indulge a caprice. True, it might seem that in the languishing state of our drama a writer who has learned from the French schools all that there is to do (and, better still, all that there is not to do) in the essentially dramatic arts of construction and economy, might well be moved by public spirit to give the stage something of his very best to aid in its regeneration; but this cannot be demanded as a due. An author retains the right to amuse himself, if he prefers to, with toys. Even so, however, he does not wholly escape responsibility. "It seems to me nonsense," says the dragon to Lady Jane in "Patience." "But oh! what precious nonsense!" she replies. The "nonsense" of a man of genius (his farces, light comedies, and such things) ought also to be "precious nonsense." If they are slight, they should also be delicate filigree.

How far even from such an ideal is "The Love Match"! It has, to begin with, no real unity of theme, since the tale of how Hugh Russ, the millionaire, stole Nina, the pretty, worthless wife of Adrian Dibble, the theatre proprietor, has but the slenderest connection with the tale of how Russ, finding the companion thus acquired rather a household nuisance—muddling his papers and piling his study with cushions in the usual exaggerated stage manner—decided to tame her by a little artificial poverty in a Fulham flat. Of the two pieces thus loosely tacked together the first is certainly the better. The scene in which the money magnate abruptly blasts the theatrical nincompoop by flinging at him not the loan he has come to beg for, but the news that he has appropriated his wife, is real Bennett; every line of the spare dialogue strikes home like a dagger-thrust. It is a fragment of the sort of play we had the right to expect from such an author, and it gives Mr. Holman Clark an opportunity of which he makes superb use as Dibble, an extremely cleverly devised bore, whose wanderings before the crisis are delicious to listen to.

But after this fine moment, everything goes to bits. The business of wife-training by the whip of artificial poverty is as old as Petruchio, and it could hardly be more platitudinously treated than it is. We are shown the familiar stage lodgings, the tipling stage charwoman lacking nothing but the red nose—in short, a picture of the vulgar horrors of life on a small income—which Mr. Bennett must know is simply the convention of snobbish playwrights catering for the amusement of West End stall-holders. Russ in these surroundings is peculiarly hard to bear. In his domineering insolence, his abject slavery to his valet and his general infantile incompetence, he might in the earlier scenes be taken, like Uncle Ponderevo, simply for a cruel satire on a certain type in the "big business" world, did it not seem that we were expected to feel some sympathy with him. Pity he might perhaps exact, but even that cannot survive his persistent airing of honorable scruples in his relations with his mistress's husband. (Some of his distinctions are delightful. He thinks it dishonorable to finance his old friend while concealing from him that he is his wife's lover, but honorable to put up the funds for a third person to finance him nominally, after he himself has crudely blurted out the truth without asking the consent of the woman.) In the Fulham lodgings, making fun of Nina's worries from the vantage ground of security and secret visits to his expensive flat, he appears an even more loudly howling cad than usual. Housekeeping on small means in these days is not really a funny subject, except to the class of spectator that thinks life in Parsons Green

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